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THE CITIZEN

Devoted to the Interests of the Mountain People

Knowledge is power—and the way to keep up with modern knowledge is to read a good newspaper.

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BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

One Dollar a Year.

No. 26

Some New Year Don'ts

Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.
Don't try to get the better of a man who hasn't any.
Don't snore in church. It's mean to keep others awake.
Don't be satisfied to pay as you go. Save enough to get back.
Don't get married with the sole idea that misery loves company.
Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.
Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.
Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.
Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.
Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.
Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth.
Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.
Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.
Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.
Don't forget in times of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.
Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

LETTER FROM DR. COWLEY.

San Pedro, N. M., Dec. 12, 1913.
My Dear Friends in Berea:
I don't like to write a discouraging letter and I'm not going to, but "pigs is pigs" facts are facts. The climate here is wonderfully beautiful; the scenery grand, but for some reason I am not making progress toward health. In fact if feelings count for anything I'm getting weaker. When I wrote Dr. Hoover of Cleveland about it he even advised me to come back to Cleveland and go into Lakeside hospital. He considers my case serious. Well Cleveland in winter isn't a good place for a sick man and so I've compromised and am going to California. Our address for the winter will be 1401 Monterey Road South Pasadena Cal. We have appreciated the letters from our friends and The Citizen makes a real composite friend when one is away from Berea. We hope our friends will keep on writing and we certainly will keep on taking The Citizen even if we don't answer every individual letter. Berea has a lasting place in our affections. We are going to keep right on fighting. We have seen many sicker people get well and we certainly expect that the tables will turn and health will come back.
With affectionate greetings to you all.
Robert H. Cowley.

VALUABLE FEATURE.

You can double your yield of corn next year and leave your soil in better condition than it now is if you read Prof. Montgomery's announcement of Berea's winter term course in agriculture and act upon his advice. He also has some excellent notes on caring for the orchard.

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WORLD NEWS

A Volcanic Eruption in the Pacific.

From New South Wales come detailed reports of terrific volcanic eruptions in the New Hebrides Islands which it will be remembered by many, was the scene of the labors of that devoted missionary John G. Patton. The disturbance was so sudden and so violent that witnesses expected to see the whole side of the island Ambrim disappear. Over five hundred natives were killed. The British hospital buildings were wiped out, but the patients were removed. The water in the river was hot; the bay was filled with dead fish, and the whole ocean seemed to boil as the masses of heated stones fell into the water.

Chili Diplomat Dissents from Roosevelt's Speech.

Reports reach Washington that ex-President Roosevelt's speech at Santiago in which he explained and championed the Monroe Doctrine provoked pronounced dissent from Martinez former minister to Washington. The incident attracted more attention because the Colonel's speech had previously been submitted to the Diplomatic representative of Chili at Washington in order to avoid the introduction of any matter that would be unacceptable to his government.

Dockyard at Portsmouth, England in Flames.

A very serious fire involving a loss of two million dollars swept the famous dockyards of Portsmouth on the twenty-first. Two men lost their lives while working the signals calling for help and spreading the alarm. Only after severe fighting was the fire checked within a few feet of the immense store-house which contained thirty thousand tons of oil. Valuable models and relics, with records of Nelson's career were destroyed.

Japan Sends Arms to Mexico.

The arsenal at Tokio has an order from the Mexican government for a large quantity of arms which it expects to ship at an early date. This act is not to be construed as indicating unfriendliness to the United States, but is purely a matter of business.

Belgian Labor Party Gets \$200,000.

Ernest Solvay, a chemist who discovered a new process for the manufacture of soda has given \$200,000 for the labor party. He previously had given over \$2,000,000 to public institutions and to the employees of his firm.

Panama Would Dismiss Colombians.

The demand is made upon President Porras that he dismiss all Colombians who are holding government positions in Panama and that all detractors of Panama be expelled from the Republic. So strong is this anti-Colombian sentiment that several houses occupied by Colombians were stoned last Thursday night. About one third of the teachers are Colombians, a large number are in the police department and other official positions.

Mexican Bank Closes.

The bank of London and Mexico closed its doors because it was unable to secure currency with which to pay depositors. The closing is not due to lack of assets but to the scarcity of currency. This is one of the most important banks in the city of Mexico.

SCRIMMAGE WITH POLICE.

London.—Several women and children were injured seriously in a riot growing out of an attempt by the police to disperse a procession of suffragettes in the Bow district. The procession was designed as a protest against the action of the government in rearresting Mrs. Pankhurst. No permit had been issued for the demonstration and orders were issued to break it up. Mounted and foot police charged the marchers when they refused to disperse.

"Wish You Happy New Year!"

Before our next issue reaches our most distant readers a New Year will have begun!

Christ's Birthday ought to make us all feel like wishing good things for all our neighbors! It does. We throw away all grudges, we bury all hatchets, we wish well to every human being.

May you have a happy new year—Strength for all tasks, wisdom for all problems and puzzles, and a heart that enjoys the good that is all around us!

Good Resolutions

Do not enter the year 1914 without a visit with yourself about your own improvement.

It is true you can stand up against those who blame you and give offsets and excuses. All the same you do desire to be better than you are.

Good resolutions help you spot your faults and pick out the virtues you most wish to have.

These suggestions:

First, 'tis better to resolve to start a good habit than to leave off a bad one. If good habits grow they will help kill off the bad ones!

Second, do not make a brittle resolution that will be spoilt by one failure. Do not say "I will never swear," but say "I will fight against swearing till I succeed."

Third, be bold about your resolutions,—tell your best friends, and tell your Father in Heaven.

The Dying Year

The year 1913 passes into history. Its important records are not all matters of Newspaper notoriety. The real tragedies and calamities are the broken promises and ungoverned impulses of men. Its real glories are the patience developed, the Courage and endurance shown, the faith exercised in trying hours.

A Keynote of Progress

Dedication Address of Knapp Hall

By Cloyd N. McAllister, Ph.D., Dean of Normal Department

A workingman is known by his tools, his method and his skill. Fellow citizens of Kentucky, you have come to look at the tools with which the Faculty of the Normal Department of Berea College work. Our latest acquisition in the way of mechanical equipment is this building, Knapp Hall.

This building reveals in part, our method of work. It stands as a laboratory for the students who are preparing to go back to the district school as teachers. Here they shall have an opportunity to observe the applications of the theories of teaching which have been explained in their courses in school methods, school management and school administration.

In this laboratory we shall not have conditions such as to justify an attempt to build up a course of study, de novo. We recognize that the peculiar problem of Berea is to fit teachers for the hill counties. Consequently we shall have first of all, to put the Kentucky Course of Study into operation in the grades to the end that our students may know what the Kentucky Course of Study is, and what it means.

In using the Kentucky Course of Study we shall remember that the course is not sent out from the office of the State Superintendent as a thing finished in every detail. We shall remind our students that it is a skeleton—that the hard dry bones are to be covered with flesh and supplied with the blood of life by the teacher himself.

We hear much now-a-days about vocational training. Yes, the Rural school teacher has that problem, and he is working at it and it is approaching a solution. It will be but a short time till every school in Kentucky, will be teaching agriculture. Whether the teacher will it or not, he will be required to teach of the soils and their most profitable crops, of the animals and their proper care.

Another problem, one toward which we have only begun to turn our eyes is that of training our boys

and girls in such a manner that they may know how to spend their leisure hours for their greatest happiness and the greatest good to themselves and the community.

The boys and girls toward whom we are looking are the boys and girls of the isolated hill farms. How can they profitably spend the days and weeks when they are shut up at home? There are not chores enough to keep the whole household busy, and idleness makes for ruin.

Gentlemen, this is our problem. To differentiate it from the problem of the town and the city, permit me to label it the problem of a vocational training. The city and town have parks and places of amusement. They furnish opportunity for the individual to get out of himself, they force him to think of other than self. On the farm, with the bad roads and no means of communication with others, he mopes around with no mental activity; or, if he thinks, his thinking is of himself and of his immediate troubles. Is it any wonder that the spring, after such a winter, is the time when people go to the mad-house?

We must teach the children how to play. We must take to the school on the steep hill side a form of game that may be played on that kind of ground.

We must also give them a pleasurable form of manual work.

We must teach the boys and girls how to make useful and beautiful things for the home. The essence of education is conduct, behavior. Let us turn to sociological statistics—Let us ask who are the criminals, the undesirable people. We are told that very few skilled workers with the hands, very few mothers are found among this group.

The recognition of these facts makes our problem clear. We must prepare and send into these communities teachers who know the problem they have to work upon. It is not enough that the rural teacher know how to prepare a program for the work of the day, so as to give to each class an equal

(Continued on page Five)

UNITED STATES NEWS

Railroad Accidents.

In the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission submitted to Congress the past week, investigations of railroad accidents during the year show seventy-six accidents: fifty-one collisions and twenty-five derailments, causing the death of 283 and injury to 1880 persons.

Fifty-six of these accidents were caused by carelessness.

Hetch-Hetchy Bill Signed.

President Wilson signed the Hetch-Hetchy Bill granting a public water supply to San Francisco. The beautiful valley will be dammed up, forming a large lake from which the city will receive its water supply.

Mayor Opposed to Cigarettes.

"Cigarette smoking by anybody, anywhere, and at any time disgusts me. I'm against it from start to finish, and if it were within my power I would take steps to restrict the sale of it." This statement made by Mayor Henry W. Kiel of St. Louis after he instructed his confidential secretary to request all visitors at his office in the City Hall to refrain from using cigarettes while in his private sanctum.

Revenue School for Collectors.

The collectors of all the Internal Revenue districts in the different states, including Kentucky, will gather in Washington for a school of instruction.

Secretary McAdoo says the new income tax law makes it advisable that all of the collectors should be drilled in their duties under it.

Union Hatters Lose Danbury Case.

The Danbury Hatters' case was decided in favor of D. E. Loewe & Co. of Danbury, Conn., against The Hatters' Union by the United States Supreme Court of Appeals. The judgment and costs now amounting to \$272,000.

This case has been before the courts for more than ten years. Of the original 240 defendants, more than 30 have died since, and two have gone insane.

The employees of the company went out on strike in 1902 and boycotted the company's goods. The Company entered suit under the Sherman anti-trust law, alleging that its business was seriously injured by the boycott and claimed \$250,000 damages.

Currency Bill Passes Senate.

The Currency Bill, President Wilson's greatest legislative achievement, has passed the Senate by a vote of 54 to 34. Not one Democrat voted against it. Senator Poinsett, a Progressive and six Republicans also voted with the Democrats in the final vote.

Arctic Winds to Make Electric Light.

The electrical engineering department of the University of Pennsylvania will design and build an electric light plant, operated by wind-mills, to furnish light for the little town of Point Hope, Alaska. This town is 100 miles north of the Arctic circle and has a population of 400. It is the seat of a Religious Mission. The Polar night continues several months each year; the temperature ranges from 35 to 55 degrees below zero and the wind velocity is rarely below twenty miles an hour.

Army and Navy Officers Reprimanded.

President Wilson wrote letters to Secretaries Garrison and Daniels of the War and Navy Department, requesting that a very serious reprimand be administered to those army and navy officers who participated in the recent dinner of the Carabao Military Order at which the administration's Philippine and other policies were satirized in song and speech.

Millions Spent on Luxuries.

In an address in New York, Hudson Mamim states that the American nation chew away every year in gum the price of three dreadnoughts. Enough money is spent for liquor to build 200 battleships a

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IN OUR OWN STATE

Railroads Must Pay More Taxes.

The Federal Court at Maysville ordered that the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad will have to pay taxes on additional assessments of \$2,000,000 and \$5,000,000 each before they will be granted an injunction against the State Board of Valuation and Assessments for 1911, which they attempted to use as their 1912 assessment.

As a consequence the first road will have to pay \$25,000 in State, County and town taxes, and the C. & O. will have to pay \$62,000.

Many Kentuckians Enlist.

During the past year 823 young men of Kentucky enlisted. This is about a fourth of those who applied, the others being refused on account of physical defects.

Kentucky's standing is high as regards physical development, but we ought to produce more than one strong man out of four.

Kentuckians Purchase Chicago Hotel.

We frequently hear of outside capitalists investing in Kentucky but it is unusual for us to hear of Kentuckians investing outside the State.

But \$600,000 changed hands the other day when the Alexanders of Woodford County purchased the Union Hotel and Restaurant in Chicago from Mrs. Virginia Rosenthal.

Our Debt to the Treasury.

It was recently brought to light that the State of Kentucky owes \$1,333,757.39 to the Federal Treasury.

The money was deposited with the State in 1836 but has never been returned altho it is alleged that many attempts have been made to recover it.

What with our million dollar deficit, our state treasurer will have quite a problem on his hands.

Bill For New Road.

Thursday Representative Caleb Powers introduced a bill in Congress appropriating \$8,000 for making a survey and estimate of cost of a macadamized road from Crab Orchard to Cumberland Gap.

The Road is to be known as "The Boone Way."

Fayette Juvenile Court Leads the South.

The city of Lexington, with nearly 15,000 children under the juvenile court age, leads all other southern cities in its effective and vigilant attention to juvenile cases.

During the last four years the court has docketed and disposed of a total of 3,557 cases. It has done much good in the reformation of hundreds of boys and girls and in forcing delinquent parents to contribute to the necessary support of their children.

Much of the success of the court is due to Judge Percy Scott and Chief Probation Officer Thompson Short who have been unceasing in their efforts to make their work as effective and just as possible.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE'S WINTER TERM.

The first term of Lincoln Institute's second year has been a very successful one. One hundred and twelve students finished the term. Many were refused admission because they could not comply with the condition. Many others, having applied and received admittance cards allowed difficulties to prevent their coming. Those who have been in attendance have been an unusually fine and promising company.

The Institute has room for but eight more girls, and part of these accommodations are engaged for the winter term. There are more rooms for boys than girls, more boys in attendance, and still more rooms are being fitted up in the third floor of the administration building. This will provide rooms for thirty more boys, and the prospect is that they will soon be filled. People on the Island of Jamaica, W. I., want to send a group of students, but have been refused as the rooms will be needed for Kentucky colored youth, for whom the Institute was established.

The work being done is of most thorough kind. One young woman, who had taught school several terms, but had been able to obtain a third grade certificate only, spent two terms at the Institute and went back home, and before the same examiners, obtained a first grade certificate.

The winter term begins on Wednesday, December 31, 1913. All who wish to enter for that term and have not already received admittance cards for it should write at once to the Principal, Rev. A. Eugene Thomson, for an application blank and a catalog.

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HIGH HEELS AND NERVES.

Everybody knows that high heels are anathema to the doctors, and everybody—otherwise every woman—wears them. But it has remained undiscovered until recently that the crusade against city noises is probably the result of the nervous shock occasioned by the wearing of high heels. According to a student of nervous maladies, the constant jarring of the heels affect alike the wearer and other citizens. In the former case it is the shock to the nervous system; in the latter it is the sound of the tapping upon the pavement or office floor, says the Providence Journal. Consequently the victims of the habit have not enough nervous force left to endure the ordinary noises incident to town life. It may be said, however, in defense of the high level devotee, that it is not necessarily the heel so much as the way of using the heel which injures the nerves. There are men and women who have formed the habit of coming down hard upon the back of the foot instead of placing the weight lightly but firmly upon the ball of the foot. Who has not heard a 100 pound girl make more noise than a 250 pound man, and that not from the construction of her heels, but because she has never learned to walk properly? Some persons make more racket walking across a carpeted room in tennis shoes than other persons of similar weight would make in French heels.

The latest Paris fashions are no doubt interesting to the women because they can discern in every detail a gentle purpose. To them every picture of a fashion has some interesting detail. But to men they all look alike. There is no details about them, no belts, no fringe, no lace, no braids, no loops, no ribbons, and none of the particulars that women notice with deep interest. To a man there is no difference in the fashion from day to day or week to week, but in the course of months or years he may notice the difference in the general form. For instance, he will notice that the full skirt has departed and buttoning up the back has arrived, but the latter, of course, is not to be attributed to his keenness of observation. These daily glimpses of the latest from Paris suggest the wide difference between the man's and the woman's world. A man would see more interest in a fishing tackle than in the handsomest gown from Paris; but to a woman the latter would be a world of delightful curiosity, while she would turn with disgust from the tackle and all the fish it caught.

Bichloride of mercury accidents are growing so numerous as to constitute a serious reflection on the drug trade. Can't the druggists decide on a plan for putting up bichloride of mercury tablets in such a manner that they will not look like something else? Of course they can, if they will. Make the thing blue by throwing in a little harmless coloring matter. Give them a distinctive shape. Adopt both of these precautions if necessary—it is easy. But certainly it will not do to put up a deadly poison in a form which is liable to be mistaken—and in many instances is mistaken—for harmless or helpful medicine.

A New York clergyman says he is anxious to get rid of commercialism in marriages, and therefore he has tried to replace business with sentiment in the marriage service by changing "worldly goods" to "heart's love." It is safe to say that many a young woman who is for modernization of the marriage service to the extent of leaving out "obey," will hold that the line ought to be drawn somewhere, and that it would be safe to draw it so as to shut out the latest proposed innovation.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

By Mary L. Wilkins

My brother Lemuel married Mehitable Pierce when he was quite alone in years. Nobody thought he'd ever get married at all, any more'n my brother Reuben and Silas. The three had lived together and kept bachelors' hall ever since our mother died. I was married and away from home long before she died. I didn't know how they would get along at first but all of the boys had been used to helpin' ma a good deal, and they were real handy, and when I asked if they wasn't goin' to have a house-keeper, they wouldn't hear to it. They said they wasn't goin' to have no strange woman round in ma's place, nohow. So Silas he took hold and did the washin' and ironin', and Reuben did the sweepin', and Lemuel, he was the youngest, next to me, did the cookin'. He could cook a dinner equal to any woman, and his pies beat mine. My husband said so, and I had to give in they did.

Well, they seemed to get along so nice, and none of 'em had ever seemed to think much about the girls, not even when they was boys, that I must say I was astonished when Lemuel he up and got married to Mehitable Pierce. She was a little along in years, too, rather more so than Lemuel, and a dreadful smart piece. She was good lookin' and she had property, but she was dreadful smart and up an' comin'. I could never see how Lemuel ever got the courage to ask her to have him, he was always a kind of mild spoken little fellow. Reuben he declared he didn't. He vowed that Mehitable asked him herself. He said he knew it for a fact, and he said it with the tears rollin' down his cheeks. Reuben was the oldest and he'd always been terrible fond of Lemuel.

"That poor boy would never have got in such a fix if that woman hadn't up an' asked him, an' he didn't have spunk enough to say no," said Reuben, and he swallowed hard. Mehitable had a nice house of her own that her father left her, all furnished and everything, so of course Lemuel he went to live with her, and Mehitable's house was pretty near where I lived, so I could see everything that was goin' on. It wasn't very long before I said to Hannah Morse, my husband's old maid sister that lives with us and teaches school, that I believed Lemuel was henpecked, though I hadn't anythin' against Mehitable.

"I don't see what else anybody that married Mehitable Pierce would expect," said Hannah. She spoke real sharp for her. I've always kind of wondered if Hannah would have had Lemuel if he'd asked her. "Well," said I, "I hope poor Lemuel will be happy. He's always been such a good, mild, willin' boy that it does seem a pity for him to be rode over rough-shop, and have all the will he ever did have trodden into the dust."

"Well, that is what will happen, or I'll miss my guess," said Hannah Morse. For a long while I thought she was right. It was really pitiful to see Lemuel. He didn't have no more liberty nor will of his own than a five-year-old boy, and not so much. Mehitable wouldn't let him do this and that, and if there was anythin' he wanted to do, she was set against it, and he'd always give right in. Many's the time Lemuel has run over to my house, and his wife come racin' to the fence and screamed after him to come home, and he'd start up as scared as he could be. And many's the time I've been in there, and he started to go out, and she'd tell him to set down, and he's set without a murmur.

Mehitable she bought all his clothes, an' she favored long-tailed coats, and he bein' such a short man never looked well in 'em, and she wouldn't let him have store shirts and collars, but made them herself, and she didn't have very good patterns, she used her father's old ones, and he wasn't no such built man as Lemuel, and I know he suffered everything, both in his pride an' his feelin's. Lemuel began to look real downtrod. He didn't seem like half such a man as he did, and the queerest thing about it was: Mehitable didn't 'pear to like the work of her own hands, so to speak.

One day she talked to me about it. "I dunno what 'tis," said she, "but Lemuel he don't seem to have no go ahead and no ambition and no will of his own. He tries to please me, but it don't seem as if he had grit enough even for that. Sometimes I think he ain't well, but I dunno what ails him. I've been real careful of him. He's worn thick flannels, and he's had wholesome victuals; I ain't never let him have pie."

"Lemuel was always dreadful fond of pie," said I. I felt kind of sorry, for I remembered how fond poor Lemuel had always been of mother's pies, and

what good ones he used to make himself.

"I know it," said Mehitable. "He wanted to make some himself, when we were first married, but I vetoed that. I wasn't goin' to have a man messin' round makin' pies, and I wasn't goin' to have him eatin' of 'em after they were made. Pies ain't good for him. But I declare I dunno what does make him act so kind of spiritless. I told him today I thought he'd better make a resolution for the New Year and stick to it, and see if it wouldn't put some spunk into him."

Pretty soon she went home. I could see she was real kind of troubled. She always did think a good deal of Lemuel in spite of everything.

The next day was New Year's, and in the afternoon Mehitable came in again. She didn't have her sewin' as she generally did, she was a very industrious woman. She jest sat down and begun twistin' the fringe of her shawl as if she was real nervous. Her face was puckered up, too. "I dunno what to make of Lemuel," said she, finally.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, kind of scared.

"He says he's made a resolution for the New Year," said she, "and that he's goin' to keep it."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

"I dunno," said she.

"Well, if it's a good one, you don't care, do you?" said I, "and it couldn't be anythin' but a good one if my brother made it."

"I dunno what it is," said she.

"Won't he tell?"

"No, he won't. I can't get a word out of him about it. He don't act like himself."

Well, I must say I never saw such a change as come over Mehitable and Lemuel after that. He wouldn't tell what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him, though she almost went down on her knees. It began to seem as if she was fairly changin' characters with Lemuel, though she had a spell of bein' herself more'n ever at first, tryin' to force him to tell what that resolution was. Then she give that up, and she never asked him where he was goin', an' he could come in my house an' sit just as long as he wanted to, and she bought him a short-tailed coat and some store collars and shirts, and he looked like another man. He got to stayin' down to the store nights, an' talkin' politics



Mehitable She Bought All His Clothes.

with the other men real loud. I heard him myself one night, and I couldn't believe it was Lemuel.

Well, Lemuel he never gave in, and he never told till the next New Year's day, when he'd said he would. He'd said all along that he'd tell her then. I'd got most as curious as Mehitable myself by that time, and New Year's mornin' I run over real early—they wasn't through breakfast. I knew the minute I saw them that he hadn't told. He said he wouldn't till he was through his breakfast. He was most through—was finishing up with a big piece of mince pie, and he'd made it himself, too. When he'd swallowed the last mouthful, he looked up and he laughed, real pleasant and sweet, and yet with more manliness than I'd ever seen in him.

"S'pose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel.

"I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. Now the time had come she didn't want to act too eager, but I showed out jest what I felt.

"For the land sake, Lemuel Babbit, what was it?" said I.

Lemuel he laughed again. "Well, it wasn't much of anythin'," he said, in his gentle drawlin' way. "I didn't make no resolution, really."

"What, Lemuel Babbit!" cried Mehitable.

"No," said he; "I couldn't think of none to make, so I made a resolution not to tell that I hadn't made any."

"So she has taken another husband." "Not as she considers it. The others were only samples."—Judge.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



Narrow Escape.

Mrs. Youngmother threw down her Sunday paper, in which she had just read that 400 years hence people would have only four toes. Turning, she looked at Precious, who sat playing with his ten little pink toes. As she gazed at baby a horrible thought struck her. She caught up Precious and hugged him to her breast.

"Oh, John," she cried in hushed tones. "Just think! If Precious had been born 400 years later he would have had only eight toes to play with!"—Woman's Home Companion.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his wife confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying: "Here is news that has been waiting for you ever since your supper time."

He blinked, looked wise, and, bracing up against the hat rack, felt through his pockets, murmuring, "I left my glasses in town."

"Yes," she replied, with scathing irony, "but you brought the contents with you."

Consolation.

The amateur political orator had rambled along for about 40 minutes and the crowd in the hall had grown uneasy. The orator stopped and turned to the chairman of the meeting.

"Mr. Chairman," protested the orator, "there is so much noise in here that I can't hear a word I'm saying."

"Cheer up!" yelled a voice in the rear of the hall. "You ain't missing much."

PROOF.



"She must be jealous of her husband."

"Why so?"

"She's just advertised for a plain cook."

The Poor Scholar.

To publish all the things he knew
A hundred volumes took;
And yet he did not know enough
To fill a pocket-book.

—Puck.

Declines the Old Gag.

"Have you heard about Vizzard's latest play?"

"Yes. They say it's revolting."

"It is. But give Vizzard credit for one thing."

"What's that?"

"He firmly refuses to say there's any moral purpose in it."

Accounted For.

Katie—Well, youse a sight! I t'ought you said you could lick Mickey standin' on yer head an' wit' bote yer hands tied behind yer back.

Patsy—So I could, but de slob wouldn't fight dat way.—Puck.

In the Museum.

First Freak—My engagement ends tonight.

Second Freak—Does it?

First Freak—Yes. Next week I'll be what you might call an idle curiosity.—Puck.

Proof.

"Charley has a fortune in politics. He knows the ropes," declared the admiring friend.

"Yes, I judged that he did from the campaign cigar that he gave me."

Fire Prevention.

"What did you do on 'Fire Prevention Day'?"

"Married my boss' daughter, now if he fires me he'll have to pay for it."

Arborically Speaking.

Baron Sans Dough—What do you think of my family tree?

Mr. Muchgold—The tree may be a good one, all right, but looks to me as if the crop was a failure.—Judge.

After Trials.

"So she has taken another husband."

"Not as she considers it. The others were only samples."—Judge.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"You say you met the defendant on a street car and that he had been drinking and gambling?" said the attorney for the defense during the cross-examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you know," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car fare and told him to keep the change."—Lippincott's Magazine.

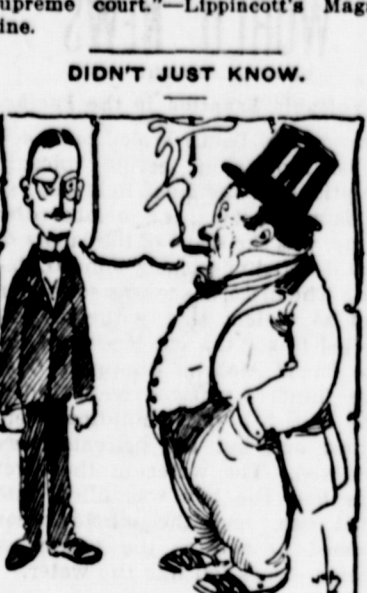
Sollicitous for Others.

A member of the Providence bar one day met an able and conscientious judge on the street and said to him:

"I see, Judge, that the supreme court has overruled you in the case of A versus Z, but you need feel no concern about your reputation."

"No, indeed," answered the judge complacently; "I don't. I'm only concerned about the reputation of the supreme court."—Lippincott's Magazine.

DIDN'T JUST KNOW.



House Furnisher—Now, I suppose you wish me to put an electrolier in your drawing room?

Mr. Newriche—Well, I've got a pianola in there now, but maybe my wife can learn to play it, too. Put it in.

Home Hints.

The magazine helps people so
With its half tones
And plans to build a bungalow
For twenty bones.

He Married the Beneficiary.

"Yes," said the retired insurance agent, "I once got a man to take out a \$50,000 life policy only the day before he was killed, and it took a lot of coaxing to do it."

"Gosh! that was tough on the company. I expect you wished your persuasive powers had not been so successful."

"Well, hardly. You see, I married the widow."

Revenge.

"Gladys paid you a compliment yesterday, Felice."

"What did she say?"

"She said you were very intellectual."

"The cat! She just said that because she was expecting Tom Cheevers to take her to the football game and he took me instead."

Western Hustle.

Chicago Man (in Boston transacting business)—I hate to stop before we've finished, but how about some lunch?

Boston Man—Very well, I know a quick lunch place near by where we can be served and out again inside of twenty minutes.

Chicago Man—Do you call that a quick lunch? Why, out our way anything over ten minutes we call a dinner.

HIS IDEA.



The Senator—It's hard to tell whom you can trust nowadays.

The Congressman—That's right. You never know who's going to turn state's evidence.

Inexperience.

"Jennie," said he, "believe it true—I never loved any girl but you."

"Oh, Fred," she answered, "I'm sure of this: You make such work when you try to kiss."

—Judge.

That's How He Knew.

"There are so many things that should be left unsaid," observed the professor.

"Yes, but so few of them are."

Something Like.

"Are there such things as moon bugs?"

"Well, I've heard of Luna-ticks."

GOD'S LOVE SHOWN

Prophet, Apostle, Preacher and Religious Teacher May All Translate the Message.

With our hearts in a responsive mood, we cannot read scripture without feeling the inspiring thrill of apostolic fervor for the enrichment of others as well as for ourselves, by an appropriation of the "riches of God in Christ Jesus."

Every one who has sufficiently come to himself to realize that this is not his abiding place, but that his home lies yonder, must feel the need of something that is not supplied by this material world. There is a longing desire for something not made, nor created, and therefore past finding out by creatures of time. The spirit of the inner man cries out for a something of, and belonging to, eternity, that an immortal soul, on the toasting, changeable sea of human life, may be able to rest upon.

The apostle claims to have found this soul desideratum, and prays and labors that others may also find it. He would "make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ; to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God."

Such fellowship comes by that faith which honors man and ascribes glory to the Creator, and furnishes the believer with mental power and facilities to scale the heights, and sound the depths, and gain a vision of the "length and breadth of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

Strange paradox! To make known the unknowable! Such is the mission of the spirit through men, their words, and their deeds. The ideal work of prophet, apostle, preacher and religious teacher, is to translate the message of God's love through Christ to a world lost and ruined without it, in a life and language that all men may understand, and be "convinced of sin, of righteousness and of judgment."

"He that hath an ear" may "hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."

God Is Love.

No man can translate the message of divine love until he has learned the divine hatred of sin. Both the love and the hate are revealed in the sacred history of God's "wonderful works among the children of men."

Judgment and mercy each has its message; one complements the other, and should be studied together. When each is considered in its proper relation to the other, there are no contradictions and nothing incredible, the "paradoxes of divine love" blend as light and shade in the perfecting of a picture.

"God is love," and all his doings among the children of men are acts of mercy and for the eternal good of the greater number. When this is seen by the eye of faith, the heart yearns and the mouth gives utterance: "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works among the children of men."

For a true interpretation of the divine revelation, and for a proper translation of the message of God's love to a lost world, there must be a deep, earnest, sympathetic study of the scriptures, under the guidance of the holy spirit, who inspired it. Then will be seen the unity of a purpose running through the whole Bible. That purpose is expressed with epitomized brevity in Ephesians III, 19: "To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

We can go back of all beginning, and say, with the inspired Psalmist: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." "In wisdom he made the worlds." He made great lights—"the sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to rule by night." In all this men are ready to believe in the goodness and mercy of the Almighty. But the same inspired truth declares that "He slew great kings and famous kings, for his mercy endureth forever." We must be in harmony with the whole truth, believing that God is good and merciful when he destroys as well as when he creates. The vessel, stamped with the image of its maker, is marred at the potter's wheel; it must be broken and made over again.

Purposes in His Providences.

"Hard sayings." "Dark sentences." "Who can stand it?" "An austere man—I was afraid." "My punishment is greater than I can bear"—These are the unwise who criticize the unfinished work of the all-loving Father.

Pain is often but the pressure of the father's hand, pressing his wayward child closer to himself. The inactivity of months on a bed of sickness has saved many a soul that would have lost itself in the swirl of gaiety and pleasure. For some, poverty and toil are needed to save them from becoming ingrates to infinite love, which supplies their need. Labor gives by far a more satisfying and fuller life than idleness.

There are many who are blind to the lofty purposes of God in his providences, which, to mortal sense, seem hard, dark and terrible. The cause is not hard to find—"men" still "love darkness rather than light." "None so blind as he who will not see."

It is said there is always an antidote to be found growing close to a poison. This is certainly so in life. If we looked about us with intent, we should find examples everywhere.—Sarah Grand.

MOUNTAIN AGRICULTURE

Conducted by Prof. Frank S. Montgomery, Instructor in Animal Husbandry, and Special Investigator.

AGRICULTURAL COURSE AT BEREA COLLEGE

What are the young men and boys going to do this winter on the farm? One young man from at least every tenth home should be spared this winter to come to Berea for the twelve weeks course in agriculture. Any bright young man can thus secure an insight into better farming and stock raising that will enable him to increase the production of the farm this next season more than enough to pay the \$20 to \$25 necessary expenses above pay for regular labor assignments while in school. Then too he is laying the foundations for making the old farm a source of wealth—that same farm that for so long has barely supported the family.

The corn class taught by Prof. Clark will enable the young man to grow 12 to 15 barrels of corn where 5 to 6 barrels have been growing, and by crop rotation and use of the right fertilizers keep the soil at this high rate of production year after year.

Prof. Montgomery's class in animal husbandry will give the boys knowledge of breeds of animals best adapted to your conditions and methods of feeding them by which you can reap the richest possible reward from your large crops and still turn about 75 per cent of their fertilizing value back to the soil again.

A class in arithmetic and keeping farm accounts that will enable the farmer to keep as close track of business on the farm as the merchant or manufacturer does of his, so that a man may know at the end of the year what crops paid him and what ones did not, what stock were profitable and what ones ate their heads off.

A course in English is given to teach young men and young women to use the language so that letters, contracts, or other writings shall be clear,—have one plain meaning,—and be correct in spelling, punctuation, and grammar.

There is a great demand for leaders among men. A man who can organize a public meeting, carry his point in a debate, and is a ready speaker before an audience is prepared to be a leader in his community. Work will be given along this line once a week.

The Bible class once a week in school and also the Sunday school, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Endeavor, the Sunday preaching and the chapel exercises give young men and young women moral and religious instruction and training by which they may find the Light of the World and live in that light day by day.

Come to Berea and spend the happiest and most profitable winter of your life.

PRESENTS BOUGHT FOR SHOW

Exploiting One's Own Vanity in Bestowal of Gifts is Poor Policy.

The most miserable Christmas present, the kind that no human being is rich enough to afford, is that which is bought to make a show, to exploit one's own vanity.

When you are tempted to buy a "show off" present, remember that the recipient has some rights. One who understands will be made unhappy by that kind of gift. You know yourself that when you receive a present that represents a great sacrifice on the part of the giver it makes you feel miserable, even when the right spirit is behind it.

The cost in money is about the poorest of measures for any kind of a gift. The thoughtfulness in it, the recognition of a desire for things unasked for, the affection that goes with it, counts for much more. Every Christmas each of us receives a message that means more than the most expensive gift. Yet we forget that sometimes in the perplexing selection of presents for others.—Woman's Home Companion.

DIARY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Peculiar but Pleasing Remembrance Showing Absent Friend Was in Mind of Donor.

On Thanksgiving day a man sat down and began to write to a distant friend. But he wrote only a few lines, and laid it aside. The next day he took up the pen, put down the new date, diary-fashion, and wrote some item of news of interest to them both.

So each day from Thanksgiving till Christmas he added something to the letter, as he would in a diary, ending and mailing it just in time to reach his friend on Christmas morning. At the top he had written this message:

"This is all the gift you get from me this year; but it carries more thought of you and more love, I imagine, than do some more costly ones I am sending. But just put it in your pocket for a dull January day. It will keep."

NOTES

Merry Christmas to all Citizen readers.

Have you all the apples the children can eat today?

Will you have apples for them to eat on Lincoln's birthday and on Washington's birthday?

W. A. Hammond of Clear Creek is planning to set about 1000 apple and peach trees in the spring. Rockcastle county will be one of the fruit centers of Kentucky ten years from now.

If your orchard is not bearing well and the trees are not healthy, break up the ground this winter so the freezing will kill the insects that are injuring the trees.

Plow your orchard now, let the old turf rot till April then disk or harrow up the ground thoroughly every week or two till the last week in May, then sow cowpeas. Hog these off or cut them for hay late in August and sow rye in September. Your orchard will surprise you.

But no doubt your orchard needs pruning. Here are five rules for pruning: 1st, Cut out all dead wood. 2nd, Cut out all water sprouts. 3d, Don't leave any stubs; that is, cut off the twigs and limbs close up so they can heal over. 4th, Save the fruit spurs, the little stubby branches a few inches long that bear apples year after year. 5th, Open up the top so that the light and air can get through the tree freely. In doing this, cut out all limbs that cross and rub against others, having in mind all the time a well-shaped tree not too high when you have finished.

The best time to prune the orchard is in late February and March. We will have a series of articles on pruning during February, and others on spraying in March. But it will do little good to prune and spray as long as the orchard is left year after year in sod or weeds and other filth, so plow up your orchard now.

Did you have pumpkin pie Thanksgiving and have you some to eat today? Only now and then I find a farmer who realizes the value of pumpkins and squashes. I have seen pumpkins so thick in a corn field that a nimble boy could cross the field jumping from one pumpkin to another and these pumpkins were grown in addition to 12 barrels of corn per acre.

When the hogs have finished up the cowpea pasture your pumpkins are ready for use, and after gathering in the best ones for the family the rest are valuable to supplement corn in fattening the hogs. When pastures are short they are excellent for the milk cows.

If your hens are not laying, toll them out to the rye field for green stuff. Get them some wheat and cane seed. Corn alone is not good for chickens. Kill off all the dogs but one and feed meat scraps and pounded up bones to chickens.

And this was a letter from a man to a man: Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan still live in our prosaic American business world.—Mother's Magazine.

NEGLECT OF PIGS IS FATAL

Slight Mistake in Feeding or Watering May Prove Disastrous—Always Exercise Great Care.

Many a fine litter of pigs is lost by a little neglect at a critical time. A slight mistake in feeding or watering the sow may prove fatal to the young pigs, and the greatest care should be exercised to insure against loss.

Even a cold drink given to the sow after farrowing often proves fatal to the pigs, and all liquid given to the sow for a day or two after farrowing should be slightly warmed, so that the chill is removed. For the first twenty-four hours after farrowing give the sow no solid food; a warm drink with a handful of ground oats, shorts or bran to color the water is all that is necessary.

The second day the drink should be made somewhat thicker, gradually increasing the allowance to keep pace with the demands of the litter. Should the sow lose a little flesh in the beginning, all the better, for the danger lies in overfeeding, thereby causing fever, which is quickly transmitted to the pigs.

A light, cooling diet is demanded, and as the pigs become older and require more sustenance the food can be increased until the sow is on a full nutritious ration.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Now get the early pullets into winter quarters and feed them for eggs.

It never pays to allow any animal to go into the winter in a poor condition.

When not too expensive, potatoes may be fed to cows in limited quantities.

POULTRY FACTS



SUMMER CARE OF THE EGGS

Practice of Holding Product for Higher Market Price in Autumn Results in Serious Loss.

By N. E. CHAPMAN, Extension Poultry Specialist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.

In the summer months, eggs should receive the same care and consideration as sweet milk and cream, and be marketed daily, if possible. They should not be exposed to draughts of warm air, and should be protected from the rays of the sun and from moisture, in handling, marketing and shipping. The common practice of holding eggs for a higher market price in autumn results in poor quality and serious loss instead of gain. Under ordinary farm conditions, eggs should never be held. The farmer, however, is not the only one responsible for the shrunken eggs on the market. Country merchants have been equally blamable for the annual loss.

A fresh egg will absorb odors as readily as fresh milk. Mustiness or moldy growth in egg cases or fillers will taint the egg and lower its quality.

Eggs should not be stored in musty cellars, or in rooms with fruit, vegetables or fish.

The flock should never be allowed to drink filthy water, be fed musty grains or strong-flavored vegetables, as onions and garlic, or given access to decaying meat or substances that will favor the product and impair its quality.

ADVICE CAN'T BE FOLLOWED

Impossible to Have Egg Layers Alone, Consequently Farmers Must Keep General Purpose Fowl.

The advice is given generally to select an egg breed for egg production, but on the average this advice cannot be followed very well, as the principal egg breeds, Leghorns, Anconas and Minorcas are poor mothers and can scarcely be kept to advantage unless incubators and brooders are employed in raising the chickens. Consequently a majority of farmers and backyard poultry men are forced to keep a general purpose breed. Of these the Barred Plymouth Rock, the Wyandotte, the Rhode Island Red and the Orpington are all deservedly popular. Far too many flocks of mixed fowls or mongrels are kept. These are less profitable than the pure bred birds. Eggs uniform in color and size are



Prize-Winning Plymouth Rock Pullet.

worth more in the markets than eggs mixed in color and size. The same principle holds true when any considerable quantity of market poultry is to be disposed of. Then, too, the farmer with a good flock of pure bred birds can always sell eggs for hatching at a considerable increase over the ordinary market price for table eggs, and in the fall many of the surplus cockerels can be sold to good advantage for breeders.

Cleanliness. There is one word which poultrymen must never forget and that is cleanliness. Without it failure is certain. The ammonia fumes from droppings left under the roosts are sure to produce roup and throat troubles which are particularly fatal. Lice will breed and thrive in filth, and will ruin your flock in a short time, unless exterminated.

Keep Chicks in Yard. The best way is to keep the chicks in a yard that is enclosed with poultry netting until they are fully feathered out. In this manner they are at hand when you want them and are not roaming off and getting lost. This will also keep them from being killed by cats, dogs, etc.

Dark Colored Eggs.

The color of the eggs sold today are considerably darker than they averaged 30 years ago, all of which proves that Asiatic blood has been largely introduced throughout the country, and that it has its effect on the egg.

Late Hatched Chicks.

Late hatched chicks are more apt to suffer from the big head disease than the early ones. If the youngsters look droopy pretty sure thing that the house is busy. Little sweet oil on the top of the head will relieve them.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

QUESTION OF BETTER ROADS

Not Alone Affects Farmer and Automobileist, but is of Vital Importance to Everybody.

The good roads question is one which today is occupying the attention of every thinking man in the United States. This question does not affect alone the farmer or automobileist but is one which is of vital importance to all of us, owing to the fact that every extension of the good roads movement and the completion of every new artery has resulted not only in a greater production of food-stuffs in that particular section, but has cheapened them on account of the small cost of getting them into the market.

Although at the present time there are between 15,000 and 20,000 miles of improved roads in the United States, either under construction or proposed, no section of road is receiving the careful investigation or is being watched as closely by the road makers of the country and by good roads advocates, as is the 106-mile road which Gen. T. Coleman du Pont is constructing at his own expense through the state of Delaware.

General du Pont felt that any amount of money he might give for a road would be of far greater benefit and would have a far greater influence on the happiness and material prosperity of the people of his state than any other project he might select. To quote his own words: "My object in building the road is not only to provide a good highway where it is badly needed, but also to work out in a practical way a problem that will, if successful, revolutionize the building of roads in the United States. The problem is, How can a free country road be built to make it pay its original cost, cost of maintenance and a fair return on the money invested."

The solution of this problem as worked out by General du Pont, as a result of his experience on the Delaware road, is a system of graduated assessments, so arranged that all who receive direct benefits from the road are to bear their share of its expense, at the outset, and will later be recompensed by rentals of the unused portions of the road itself.

Suppose, for instance, that this Delaware road was being constructed by this method, instead of being given by General du Pont. On the du Pont road some twenty-six acres of land have been condemned for every mile of road. Revenue from the road will be partially derived from trolley franchises, from water, telephone, telegraph and sewer right of way rentals and partially from the rental of that part of the twenty-six acres per mile which is not used for actual road construction.

As laid out, the du Pont road consists of some seven parts, although not all of them will be developed immediately, the idea being to increase the size of the road as the traffic becomes heavier. When completed the road will consist of a forty-foot strip in the middle, which will be given over to automobiles, and on either side of this forty-foot strip a fifteen-foot strip, which has been reserved for trolley lines. Beyond the trolley lines there will be thirty-foot roads for horse-drawn vehicles and heavy traffic. Adjoining each of these last-named roads will be dirt roads, fifteen feet wide, under which will be laid water pipes, sewers, telephone and telegraph conduits, etc., thus eliminating any necessity for tearing up the paved portion of the road.

ESTIMATES FOR THIS YEAR

Annual Appropriations by Government Indicate Strides Being Made in Road Improvement.

No better idea of the forward strides being made by the office of public roads can be had than from figures connected with the annual appropriations. The appropriation for the present fiscal year is \$41,400 more than for the preceding year, while the estimate for the fiscal year of 1913-1914 is \$184,120 more than the present allotment. One of the items mentioned in connection with the appropriation for the coming fiscal year is roadmaking investigation, for which work an increase of \$89,000 is asked. The present amount available for such work is \$76,000. The next highest increase is asked for road management, \$31,000, as but \$25,000 is available this year. The amount now ready for use in field experiments, \$30,000, the office would like doubled. Included in this list of necessary increases is one for salaries, thus placing the office of public roads on a par with practically all other branches of the government service that are striving to raise the pay of the government clerk. The appropriation asked for this is a raise from \$37,020 for the present year to \$54,400.

Combat Dusty Roadways.

An English city is experimenting with granular calcium chloride to combat dusty roadways, applying about half a pound to the square yard.

CARNEGIE IS A TOTAL ABSTAINER FROM LIQUOR.

Words of Warning to Young Men From Ironmaster.

Andrew Carnegie, LL. D., lord rector of St. Andrew's university and, as he is referred to in the land of his birth, "the laird of Skibo," is a total abstainer from the use of alcoholic beverages. He is such an ardent advocate of total abstinence that he pays 10 per cent more than the agreed wages to each employee on his Skibo estate who does not drink during the year. In an address to young men recently Mr. Carnegie said:

"The first and most seductive peril and the destroyer of most young men is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him, and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from all other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up and if not recover lost ground at least remain in the race and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule.

"Drinking is a dangerous habit very likely to cause grievous results, all agree; that it can cause no beneficial results all agree. It is therefore, the part of wisdom to abstain from the habit that might work evil and can do no good. That no ill effects are visible from indulgence during the vigorous period of youth renders the danger of serious consequences in after life still greater than if the ill effects were visible from the beginning.

"Viewing you as young steeds training for the race of life, I know of no one habit so likely to defeat you in the contest as the drinking of alcoholic liquors. That taken in excess they destroy the character of men and render them useless members of society you all know. The line between excess and sufficiency is so narrow that it is very seldom the drinker knows and observes it. Better be on the safe side. Why run into danger? As no possible good can result from indulgence, no risk should be incurred.

"In the stern game of life you have to play you can afford to throw no advantages away. I put the case to you simply as a matter of policy. There is one habit—and that the greatest danger in front of you—against which you can protect yourselves completely in the campaign of life. It is good sense for you to do so.

"Drunkenness is the great rock ahead in the career of every young man. It is far more important you insure yourselves against it than against death. A drink policy is worth ten life policies in this case. Abstain and evade the danger."

BOY SCOUTS AND BRYAN.

They Indorse the Secretary's Total Abstinence Principles.

A company of boy scouts recently called on Secretary of State Bryan to present an engrossed copy of the following resolutions:

Having just celebrated Mother's day, it is fitting and proper that we should enlist under our mothers' banner in the war against the demon of strong drink; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, troop 15 of the Ingram Memorial Congregational church of Washington, D. C., do hereby indorse the action of our secretary of state in his brave stand against King Alcohol and his hosts.

The secretary was highly pleased with the testimonial and thanked the boy scouts for the resolution. He said in part: "I appreciate the compliment which you pay me in indorsing what I have done in regard to serving liquor at the table. If since I have grown to manhood I had ever felt tempted to begin the drinking of liquor I would have been restrained by the feeling that my act might injuriously affect some who look to me for an example, and I have felt that more especially in public life, for as one becomes better known his example has more far-reaching influence. I shall feel that I have not lived entirely in vain if by abstaining from the use of intoxicating liquors as beverages I have given strength to any one to help him resist temptation."

The Truth About Alcohol.

Frederick Peterson, M. D., professor of psychiatry at Columbia university and ex-president of the New York state commission on lunacy, has the following printed on his prescription blanks:

Alcohol is a poison.

It is claimed by some that alcohol is a food. If so, it is a poisoned food. The daily regular use of alcohol, even in moderation, often leads to chronic alcoholism.

One is poisoned less rapidly by the use of beer than by drinking wines, gin, whiskey and brandy.

Alcohol is one of the most common causes of insanity, epilepsy, paralysis, diseases of the liver and stomach, dropsy and tuberculosis.

A father or mother who drinks poisons the children born to them, so that many die in infancy, while others grow up as idiots and epileptics.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 28

A DAY OF DECISION. (Review.)

READING LESSON—Joshua 24; Heb. 11:23-31.

GOLDEN TEXT—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

The lessons for this past quarter, omitting the temperance lesson, cover one of the most interesting periods in the history of Israel. In them there is presented five of Israel's greatest characters, Moses, Aaron, Miriam, Joshua and Caleb; one of the strangest characters in all history—Baalim; and the typical troublemaker of the nation, Achan. We have presented the strength and weakness, victory and defeat, of four, Moses, Aaron, Miriam, and Joshua.

Israel's History.

The first of the scripture passages presented for the day's reading lesson contains the farewell discourse of Joshua. In it he surveys Israel's history from the days of Terah to the moment they possessed Canaan, emphasizing that in it all God was directing and operating. He then appeals to them to serve Jehovah and to put away all other Gods. The alternative is, that with such evidence before their eyes, if it seemed evil to serve Jehovah, they had choice between the gods their fathers abandoned beyond the river and those they had found in the land. As for himself his choice was made, "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." After repeated declarations of fealty on their part Joshua, entered into a covenant with them that they were to serve Jehovah. The passage taken from Hebrews ought to begin at verse thirty.

Moses leads out of Egypt (a type of sin), through the wilderness experiences, but could not lead them into the land; Joshua took up the work where Moses left off and led them into the promised possession; but he was not able to lead them into that perfect rest which only comes from a perfect conformity to the will of God. The message of the Book of Hebrews is that of the son who fulfills all that these great leaders of the past failed to do. He leads from bondage into possession and on to the final rest which remains for the people of God.

Recapitulation.

Omitting the temperance lesson (Nov. 9) six of these lessons deal with Moses as the leader, and in five we have Joshua as the leader of Israel.

I. Under Moses' Leadership.

Lesson I. Moses' Cry for Help, Num. 11:10-18, 24, 25. (1) Complaint and controversy, vv. 10-15; (2) Comfort and Counsel, vv. 16-18, 24, 25.

Lesson II. Jealousy and Envy Punished, Num. ch. 12. (1) The Accusation, vv. 1, 2; (2) The Arrest, vv. 4, 5; (3) The Arraignment, vv. 6-8; (4) The Judgment, vv. 9-10; (5) The Intercession, vv. 11-12.

Lesson III. The Report of the Spies, Num. 13:1-3, 25-33. (1) The Spies, vv. 1-3; (2) The Majority Report, vv. 25-29; (3) The Minority Report, vv. 30-33; (4) The Sequel, ch. 14.

Lesson IV. The Sin of Moses and Aaron, Num. 20:1-13. (1) The People's Petition, vv. 1-5; (2) God's Plan, vv. 6-8; (3) Moses' Mistake, vv. 9-13. (a) Deception. (b) Pride. (c) Self-glory. (d) Disobedience.

Lesson V. Balak and Balaam, Num. 22:1-6, 24:10-19. (1) The Call to 22:1-6; (2) The Wayside Challenge, vv. 7-9; (3) The Changeless

Curse, vv. 22-25; 25:1-2.

Lesson VI. Temperance Lesson.

Lesson VII. The Death of Moses, Deut. 34:1-12. (1) The Old Leader, vv. 1-8; (2) The New Leader, v. 9; (3) A Great Character, vv. 10-12.

Lesson VIII. Joshua's Leadership. Lesson VIII. Joshua the New Leader, Josh. 1:1-9. (1) The Call; (2) The Charge; (3) The Counsel; (4) The Companionship.

Lesson IX. Crossing the Jordan, Josh. 3:1-17. (1) The Leader, vv. 7, 8; (2) Those Led, vv. 9-13; (3) The Dry Ground, vv. 14-17.

Lesson X. The Fall of Jericho, Josh. 6:1-11, 14-20. (1) God's Orders, vv. 1-5; (2) Joshua's Instructions, vv. 6-8; (3) The Obedient People, vv. 9-15.

Lesson XI. The Sin of Achan, Josh. 7:1-26. (1) Joshua's Error, vv. 6-9; (2) The Cause of Defeat, vv. 10-12; (3) The Victory of Defeat, vv. 13-15.

Lesson XII. The Division of the Land, Josh. 14:1-14. (1) Those Left Behind, vv. 1-5; (2) Caleb's Claim, vv. 6-12; (3) The Promise Fulfilled, vv. 13-15.

The golden text is peculiarly significant in its fitness as we close the studies for this year. The final word, the fruit and flower of this new nation, is epitomized in this the simplest, yet the most sublime language of the New Testament. What Moses and Joshua did in type and what they each left not being able to accomplish, God in the person of his greatest gift to men can and does fulfill in abundant measure. The widest stretch of human imagination cannot measure the breadth of his love. The deepest depths cannot fathom the awful woe of unbelief.

GREAT BARGAINS

Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits

New stock just received from factory in this season's ver newest styles, right at the time you need the goods. We are offering them for less than wholesale prices. Call and see our goods and compare prices with others of same quality.

Ladies' and Misses' Coats, worth \$17.50 for	\$12.50
" " " " " " \$15.00 "	\$10.00
" " " " " " \$10.00 "	\$ 7.50
" " " " " " \$ 8.50 "	\$ 5.00
" " " all wooll suits	
in black, blue and gray "	\$12.50 " \$ 8.00

We carry a complete line of Ladies' and Gents' furnishings at reasonable prices.

J. B. RICHARDSON

MAIN ST.

BEREA, KY.

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BEREA AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST, DENTIST

CITY PHONE 122

Office over Bera Bank & Trust Co.

DAN H. BRECK

Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock INSURANCE

Will sign your bond.

Phone 303 Richmond, Ky.

L. & N. TIME TABLE

North Bound, Local

Knoxville	7:00 a. m.	10:55 p. m.
BEREA	1:07 p. m.	3:52 a. m.
Cincinnati	6:30 p. m.	7:45 a. m.
South Bound, Local		
Cincinnati	6:30 a. m.	8:15 p. m.
BEREA	12:34 p. m.	12:33 a. m.
Knoxville	7:00 p. m.	5:50 a. m.

Express Train

No. 33 will stop to take on passengers for Knoxville and points beyond.

South Bound

Cincinnati	8:00 a. m.
BEREA	11:55 a. m.

No. 32 will stop at Berea to take on passengers for Cincinnati, O., and points beyond.

North Bound

BEREA	4:45 p. m.
Cincinnati	8:50 p. m.

Miss Gertrude Collette was visiting in town several days of last week.

Get that stove at Welch's. (ad) Mrs. Serilda King visited her daughter Bertha, at Richmond State Normal last Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Lucy Holliday, who is teaching at Pineville, Ky., is at home for the holidays.

No matter what you want you can get it at Welch's. (ad)

Miss Bertha King, who has been attending school at Richmond State Normal since September, returned home Friday.

Out of our complete stock of suits and coats we can fit and please everybody. Women's coats at \$3.75 to \$15.00; children's coats at \$1.75 to \$5.00; all-wool serge suits at \$10.00. (ad)

Mrs. S. R. Baker. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Woolf left this week to spend the Christmas holidays at Mrs. Woolf's home.

Keep your eye out for Welch's Xmas goods.

Mr. Ballard Johnson and Miss Dora Evey of Hawesville, Ind., are spending the holidays with friends in Berea.

FOR SALE—Good pair mules Wagon and harness. See W. B. Jones. Miss Addie Fish is spending the Christmas holidays with friends in Indianapolis.

Mr. Cyrus Short, who has been teaching at Harlan, Ky., arrived Saturday to spend Christmas with

home folks. He will enter the Normal Department next winter term. Misses Grace Cornelius and Daisy Spence left Monday for Fleming, Letcher County. Miss Cornelius goes on a visit to her brother, Dr. A. F. Cornelius, and Miss Spence will remain as a nurse.

Mrs. Lydia Whyland expects to open a private subscription school on January 5th or 6th in order to accommodate the small children of the town, who cannot be cared for by the College. This school will probably be taught in the room over Mr. Richardson's store. A safe play ground will be provided for Mrs. Whyland will be glad to see or hear from any one who is interested and will give any necessary information. A telephone message to Prof. Lewis' residence will be delivered to Mrs. Whyland. (ad)

Mr. J. C. Bowman left Thursday night on extension work for the college in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee.

Thinking of buying a coat, suit or skirt; read Hayes & Gott's ad on page 5. (ad)

Mr. Mark S. Peckham died at the college hospital Friday morning after a long struggle against tuberculosis. Mr. Allen Bogie accompanied the body to Hiram, O., where it was buried.

Mrs. Frank Montgomery returned Wednesday night from an extended visit with her mother in Ohio.

WEDDINGS.

Mr. Allen Bogie and Miss Bettie Hardin were married at the bride's home last Wednesday.

The young couple are popular young folks and Berea's best wishes go with them.

They will make their home in Berea. Rev. C. S. Knight officiated.

Mr. June Fowler and Miss Nora McCormick of Slate Lick were married last Monday night at the bride's home.

Mr. Hardin Long and Miss Estella Isaacs, of Valley View, were married at the bride's home Tuesday morning by Rev. Howard Hudson.

Mr. Long is a former Berea student and taught last term in the Berea public school.

Millinery Gifts for Christmas

There are many items in our stock, suitable for Christmas gifts.

Trimmed Hats

Theatre Hoods

Headdress for

Evening Wear

Plumes

Corsage Bouquets

(Artificial)

Ribbons

Automobile Veils

Fancy Collars

and Cuffs

Neck Wear of

all kinds

Mrs. Jennie B. Fish,
Berea, Ky.

Dr. James Watt Raine is celebrating the Christmas holidays by moving from his house on Richmond Street to a farm near the Scaffold Cane Pike.

The "back-to-the-land" movement is beginning to have effect in Berea. Half success isn't winning—buy ALL your goods at Welch's.

Miss Maude Bowman returned Wednesday morning from North Carolina where she taught last summer and fall. She will enter school this winter as a Freshman Classical.

Her grandmother, Mrs. J. B. Young, accompanied her and will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Bowman.

Mrs. C. C. Rhodus of Pineville was in town Saturday bringing her son, Clifford, to the college hospital. Pineville is suffering an epidemic of typhoid and the boy was brought here to recover from an attack.

Mr. J. B. Minnich, former Berea student, who has been manager of a hotel at Middlesboro, was in town Monday of this week.

Mr. Pleas Evans and J. W. Bratcher, Berea farmers, returned from a hunting trip to Moores Creek in Jackson County with 137 quail and 1 pheasant.

Mr. E. H. Faulkner on his way to Williamsburg where he will begin his work as Prof. of Agriculture at the Williamsburg Institute the first of the winter term, from Lexington stopped off in Berea Monday and visited the Experiment Station.

COLLEGE ITEMS

Student Volunteer Band

The first entertainment of the holidays was given in the Tabernacle Saturday night in the interest of the Student Volunteer Band.

The main features were: Music by Canfield's Band; A Reading, by Dr. Raine; a Surgical Operation by Dr. A. F. Moore and assistants, and political stump speeches by Judge Holiday (The G. O. P.), Cleve Woolf (The Democratic Donkey) and Hardin Long (The Bull Moose).

There was a large audience of citizens and students alike.

The gate receipts go towards sending delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City.

Home Oratorical Contest.

The closing event of the fall term was the Home Oratorical contest in the Main Chapel, Wednesday night.

The contest is open only to college students and five men took part. All of their productions were fine.

The speakers were: Cleveland Frost, Cl. '16—"The Benevolent Sword."

Judson Harrold, Sci. '16—"Dis-satisfaction a Factor of Progress," Carroll Batson, Lit. '14—"Industrial Peace,"

Ruffin Rust, Sci. '15—"The Heritage of the Mountains,"

Waldo Davison, Lit. '14—"The Iron Heel."

The winner of the contest, Mr.

STOVES

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,
Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Stoves,

THE DIFFERENCE
Welch's

Mr. J. H. Edwards and wife of Leipsic, Ohio, visited Prof. Edwards and family a few days last week.

Messrs. J. W. Dooley and Harry Prather, Jim Early, Cyrus Mitchell, and Wm. Isaacs, all successful salesmen, are in Berea to spend the Christmas holidays.

COMING EVENTS.

TUESDAY NIGHT, Reception by Religious Societies, College Chapel 7:30.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 31: Winter Term opens.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4th, Sermon by Pres. Frost, 7:30 p.m. United Chapel.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8th, 9:30 a.m. United Chapel, Lecture, Prof. Rumold.

MONDAY, JAN 12th, 7:30 p.m. Lyceum Number, Montaville Flowers.

PROGRAM OF SOCIALS.

Christmas Vacation, 1913.

DEC. 25, Thursday—Y. W. C. A. entertains girls. Y. M. C. A. entertains boys.

DEC. 29, Monday—Entertainment to Chapel; Dean McAllister and Mr. Taylor.

NOTICE.

I wish to rent my store house and five room dwelling house at Big Hill, Ky. This is one of the best stands in the county; rent cheap, for particulars call at once at J. M. Haley's.

FOR SALE.

I have decided to sell my farm on account of bad health, consisting of 50 or 60 acres of good land; good 5 acre tobacco barn; stock barn; good five-roomed dwelling; good orchard; good water; all necessary out-buildings. For further information call or write to

Susie Holcomb,
Paint Lick, Ky.

SEE CLARKSTON FOR

Hardware and Groceries

MAIN STREET, Near Bank

Testimonial From High Authority

Mrs. Betty Lyler Wilson
(of Nashville, Tenn.)

Famous For Her Cakes Recommends

Mrs. Wilson of Nashville, Tenn., is famed the world over for her wonderfully delicious cakes. They are shipped to all parts of the Globe for special affairs where the best of Cakes are demanded.

This year, as in former years, Mrs. Wilson enjoys the distinction of making the President's Christmas Cake, using Calumet Baking Powder.

Mrs. Wilson's Baking Motto is: "To have complete success with no failures, care should be used in selection of Baking Powder."

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Some little time ago I made a careful study and investigation of the baking powder subject and I feel fully repaid. I am firmly convinced from the results I have received that there is no baking powder to equal Calumet for wholesomeness and economy, and I also recommend Calumet Baking Powder for its never failing results.
December 9, 1913. Mrs. Betty Lyler Wilson.

Calumet also received the Highest Awards at the World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago and Paris, France, 1912.

Buy a can of Calumet Baking Powder at once, and use it in your Holiday Baking, making your Christmas Cakes as good as the President's.

the cause of prohibition by educating the students of the country on matters pertaining to alcoholism. To this end they have secured the services of Profs. Rumold, Raine, Robertson, McAllister, Matheny and Hubbard as lecturers during the coming year.

These lectures will be given every Saturday night at 6:30 in the Upper Chapel.

An important branch of the work is the Prohibition Oratorical Contest, which will be open to all. The date is fixed for March 12, 1914, and all young men are urged to prepare an oration for the contest. The winning man will receive a prize of \$10 and will represent Berea at the State Prohibition Contest which will be held in Winfield.

MADISON COUNTY

Slate Lick

Slate Lick, Dec. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Curt Martin of Illinois are visiting their brother, Mr. Joe Williams, and other relatives this week.

The Misses Maude Parson, Ruth Baugh and Pauline Congleton visited Miss Maude Snyder last Sunday.

Mr. Norman Snyder was the guest of his cousin, Miss Maud Snyder, last Monday.

Mr. Chas. Edster left for Lexington Saturday to spend the Christmas holidays with his children.

Mrs. Richard Parks and Mrs. E. N. McCormick visited Mrs. W. D. Parks Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Eden is still sick.

Mr. W. M. Roberts of Oneida and Mr. Allen Bullock of Housford, Ky., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Parks one night last week.

Mr. Joe Williams and Mr. Al. Williams' family visited their brother,

Mr. Silas Williams Friday of last week.

Mr. J. M. Kinnard was a Slate Lick visitor Friday afternoon.

Blue Lick

Blue Lick Dec. 23.—News has been received here of the marriage of Mr. Julian M. Harris, formerly of this place, who is now employed as a railway brakeman on the Q. & C. to Miss Mary Haynes of Somerset. They will reside at Ludlow, Ky.

Mr. H. H. Burdette and wife of Lexington arrived Saturday for a visit with the former's mother, Mrs. W. H. Burdette.

Miss Bessie Johnson returned home recently from a visit with relatives in Illinois and Indiana.

Mr. West French and A. Eversole of Berea were guests of Mrs. Sallie Harris Sunday.

Baldwin.

Baldwin, Dec. 20.—Miss Lillian Maupin who has served two years as principal of the Baldwin school and her assistant Miss Mary Harris of Richmond, closed their school Dec. 19th with a large attendance. A Christmas tree was the principal feature, and was greatly appreciated by three hundred or more.

STOMACH TROUBLE CURED WITH FOOD.

I have prepared a course of lessons which teaches you how to select and combine your food at meals so as to remove the causes of, and cure, stomach and intestinal trouble.

Drop me a card and I will send you my little book, "Scientific Eating," free of charge which explains these lessons.

Eugene Christian, F. S. D., 213 W. 79th St., New York City.

Good Shoes are Cheap

Even at a High Price; but we are Selling GOOD SHOES AT A LOW PRICE



Come and let us show you the values we are offering

WALK-OVER SHOES for Men
KRIPPENDORF-DITTMANN for Women
and BUSTER BROWN for Children

The sooner you investigate the advantages of wearing Our Shoes the better it will be for you—and us

HAYES & GOTT

"Cash Store"

BEREA,

KENTUCKY

The Racket Store



Rev. Chas. Spurgeon Knight.

BRO. KNIGHT'S SPECIAL CLASSES FOR THE WINTER TERM.

Last winter Brother Knight carried on several special classes for religious workers and young Christians, which proved very profitable and were largely attended.

He has now concluded his extension work and will be in Berea for the winter teaching certain classes in the Normal Department, and the following special classes for religious workers:

a. **For Sunday School Workers.** This class will meet at the Sunday school hour, Sunday morning. It is for those who propose to do faithful Sunday School work in the hard places next summer.

b. **Homiletics.** A class in training young men for the public presentation of religious truth. This does not mean preachers only, but all young men who wish, as Sunday School superintendents, Y. M. C. A. workers, and lay preachers to proclaim the great truths of the Gospel to the people. This class will meet at the Vesper Hour every Friday night.

UNION CHURCH NOTES.

By vote of the Church, the Annual Business Meeting and dinner of the Union Church is appointed for 5:00 o'clock on the 15th of Jan. It is expected that this gathering will exceed past occasions in interest, though the past meetings have reached the high water mark of enthusiasm.

On account of Christmas, the mid-week meeting is omitted this week.

The Christmas Sunday School Festival will take place on Wednesday evening at the Parish House at 6:30. A splendid program is in operation. If you want a seat, be sure to come early.

By vote of the Church a formal invitation is extended to the members of the Disciple Church to worship with the Union Church as they might find it convenient while they are without a pastor.

The Pastor of the Church, with Mr. Osborne and Prof. Dodge were appointed as delegates to the installation of Lincoln Institute Church, which is appointed for Jan. 11th.

The following persons were appointed as a committee to submit nominations for vacant Church offices at the Annual Business Meeting January 15th: Prof. Dodge, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Hudson, Mrs. Spink, and Miss Corwin.

Harts Settlement.

A series of very helpful meetings, conducted by Rev. Charles Knight and Rev. Howard Hudson during the past week were closed on Sunday. The house has been constantly filled during the week and much good has resulted.

The Christmas celebration for the Harts Sunday School will take place on Wednesday of this week. Exercises will begin in the morning and be continued in the afternoon. An efficient committee has the matter in charge. Mrs. Roberts hopes to be back in time to attend this celebration, in which she is so deeply interested.

A KEYNOTE OF PROGRESS (Continued from Page One.)

portion of the time; he must realize that he is a member of a community whose interests are state wide.

The Faculty of Berea Normal hopes to impress upon the students not only the principles relating to the manipulation of the one room school, but, in addition to these, we hope to show them the advantages of helpful sympathetic supervision. We are confident that every teacher who leaves this building after his practice teaching will be a booster of every device that can assist him in his work. He will know the value of talking over his difficulties with other teachers;—he will know that there is a real value in teachers' conventions both of the districts and of the State. He will know that the interests of his community are dear to the State school officers, that the welfare of the other parts of the State are his concern; he will know that he can serve himself and his community by advancing the general welfare.

We desire that the students who go out from here may be so trained that they will look to the Supervisors, both county and State, for help and encouragement, and may have a full realization of the need for team play in education as well as in foot-ball.

In carrying out this work we shall require the sympathetic support of the officers of the State Educational Department, and of our sister institutions in the State and, Gentlemen, we know that you will cooperate with us as you do with every scheme for advancing the educational interests of Kentucky. We bespeak your assistance, and we pledge you that in this work the community and State interests shall be our primary concern.

PROFESSOR GRINSTEAD'S CONGRATULATIONS.

We know Berea and Believe in its Ideals.

Mr. President ladies and gentlemen: As the personal representative of President Crabbe I wish to convey to you first his great regret at his detention. He is liable to be called at any moment to a death bed.

He sends me and I voice my own personal feelings as well as his and that of the Eastern Kentucky State Normal School when I say that we congratulate you.

We congratulate you on this particular occasion with peculiar ap-

propriateness. In the first place, because we believe in Berea College. We know its great history, its vicissitudes, and its success and the traditions that cluster around its name and in these hills. We have faith in Berea College, in its ideals and in its future.

In the second place we congratulate you because we believe in the rural schools. And I may say that Berea College, or the Eastern Kentucky State Normal School, or any other institution that may be represented here today pales into insignificance by the side of the thousands of lonely rural schools, because it is in them that the actual work of society must be done.

All that you can do, and all that we can do, is to help shape that society and to help the shapers of that society. Consequently I wish to congratulate you that this institution is taking an advanced step as far as I know, the most advanced and important step that has been taken by any institution, toward the training of the rural school teacher.

It is a significant thing too that we are working together, having the same ideals and ends in view. In the name of the Eastern Kentucky State Normal School and its President, I most heartily congratulate you.

DONOR OF KNAPP HALL

(Boston Transcript, Feb. 1, 1912.)

Miss Katherine Knapp.

There passed from among us on Thursday, January 25th, a gracious spirit whose loss will be felt in many lives. Katherine Knapp was a true daughter of New England, quick in response to the call of right against wrong, eager in enjoyment of the world of nature and of books and devoted to the work of passing on to others what life had brought of good to her.

A graduate in one of the early years of what was then called "The Girls' High and Normal School," she soon after, in 1859, became one of its teachers and for thirty-five years was one of the pillars of the school. Not only in her own city, but scattered all over the country, her old pupils remembered with affection and gratitude her love and loyal friendliness expressed in many delicate ways; they remember too the high standard in scholarship ever held before them in her classes in Latin and the fresh love of flowers, and all growing things, inspired in her classes in botany by her own love of every opening bud and leaf. This love did not lessen with the years, for in the last month of her life she was enjoying at the Lowell Institute a course of lectures on her long-cherished study of botany. In the eighteen years that have elapsed since she gave up her connection with the school her interest in it never wavered and she worked for it constantly through the associations of its alumnae.

Her various journeys in Europe and visits to relatives and friends whose homes are in England gave her unusual and interesting experience, the fruits of which she knew how to share both with her pupils in the school and with friends outside. A bright pupil once said she never had any real idea of Venice until she read a little description of the famous city which Miss Knapp had written for the school paper.

Miss Knapp's power in writing of whatever interested her was a constant delight to her friends; and in her letters and papers there was not only the charm of delightful, descriptive style, but constant touches of humor and a happy audacity in her comment that dared to come out through her pen far oftener than in her spoken word.

She was a sister of Mr. George B. Knapp, who survives her, and of Mr. Arthur Mason Knapp, so long associated with the Boston Public Library and so well remembered by its readers. She shared with them their love of books, their interest in travel and their strong feeling for family ties. Both they and she loved to gather at Thanksgiving time all members of the family who could be brought together in Boston for the Thanksgiving feast, and this last November Miss Knapp spoke with pleasure of a plan she had for the family party on the coming Thanksgiving Day; she had picked out two or three interesting letters written by members of the family who had died before the younger members could know them, and she was to read these letters so that all the relatives could enjoy them together and the younger ones become acquainted, in a very real way, with their relatives of an earlier time, whom they had never seen or known but little. As one of Miss Knapp's gifts was the delightful, old-fashioned one of reading well aloud, one can imagine how pleasantly the older relatives were made known to the younger.

The family for many years attended the Shawmut Congregation-

at Church, in which many warm friends remain. It was an impressive tribute of the former pastor of the church, Dr. Barton, to his friendship for Miss Knapp's family and herself, that he came from Chicago to take part in the funeral services and to give his earnest, heartfelt words of appreciation of her gracious life, so freely given to her family, her friends, her pupils, her church and to all who needed her.

Other bequests of Miss Knapp were \$5,000 for the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital; \$10,000 for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; \$5,000 for Wellesley College, and several thousands for the missionary societies.

THE DEDICATION SPEAKERS

John Williston Cook, the chief afternoon speaker, is President of the Northern Illinois State Normal School at DeKalb. He was born in Oneida County, N. Y., April 20, 1844. Graduated from the Illinois State Normal University, 1865. Received the degree of M.A. in 1891, and the degree of LL.D. at Blackburn in 1896, and at the University of Illinois in 1904. He has had a long career in Public and Normal school work, as well as, editor of the Illinois School Master and the Illinois School Journal.

President Carroll Gardner Pearce, the chief speaker in the morning, has recently resigned the position of Superintendent of the Milwaukee Public Schools to accept the presidency of the Milwaukee State Normal School. He was born at Tabor, Iowa, 1858, and was a student of Doane College at Crete, Neb., thru the Sophomore year. His administrative work began early and has been very distinguished. He held important positions, first at Crete, Neb., and then at Beatrice in the same state, and at Omaha, but came to Milwaukee in 1904. Few men have been more popular or useful in the great advances of education in the West.

A GOOD WORD FOR LAUREL COUNTY.

Candee Tells of a Half-hearted Mob. Maybe you think I have no good word for the Laurel folks because of a little tar party some wild London chaps got up for me and my comrades way back in ante-bellum slavery days. You must remember that was a time when a Northern abolition preacher was regarded by many honest Southern people as a very dangerous incendiary. I have no complaint to make against those fellows. Indeed, I had not a little sympathy and pity for them at that time. They seemed, to me, to be performing a heartless function for some interests not their own. I knew of but one slaveholder in the whole crowd of about forty men. He was a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and afterwards apologized for being there for the purpose of preventing the mob from extremes. No doubt his influence modified their conduct.

The occasion of the mobbing was an appointment I had to preach the post burial funeral sermon of a child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mobley at their home about ten miles northward from London, the County seat of Laurel County.

The child had been dead for five or six years. There was nothing strange about this delayed funeral. It was a usual practice in that mountain country. (A prayer was always offered at the burial by some layman.) I once attended such a funeral service in Rockcastle County conducted by a Baptist preacher, where the deceased parties were the father, mother, first wife, (second wife was present) and two sisters of the man at whose home this service was held. There were two reasons for this post burial practice; usually, the desired preacher lived many miles away; then the people would come to these funerals from long distances many of them on foot. All of them enjoyed a good social banquet. Few were prepared to furnish a dinner at the time of the burial.

Bro. Mobley had other reasons for this long delay. Though a local M. E. preacher he was an abolitionist and did not have confidence enough in a slaveholding or a proslavery preacher to want one to minister at the funeral. So he had me send an appointment to conduct such a service.

Two companions went with me; Rev. Kendrick fresh from Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and Uncle Bobby Jones, an A. M. A. colporter with his satchel full of American Bible Society New Testaments and Western Tract and Book Society abolition tracts and books.

The appointment was made for Sunday morning. When we got to Bro. Mobley's we learned that an appointment had been made for a Presbyterian minister from London to preach in a school house near by. So we arranged to have a preaching service on Saturday at Mr. Buckel's house a mile away,

FARMS FOR SALE

—BY—
MORRIS & JONES

Real Estate Agents,

Eminence, Kentucky

Farms in Oldham County.

1. 113 acres well improved land, Good orchard, plenty of water, on public road. Price \$45 per acre.

2. 49 acres of land, dwelling and all outbuildings good; good fencing, on good pike, near L. & N. and Interurban. Price \$3,000.

3. 180 acres of land, 2 story, 7 room dwelling and all outbuildings, plenty of fruit, new tobacco land, some timber, land mostly level, near Interurban and L. & N. Price \$5,000.

4. 620 acres of well improved land in the heart of the orchard grass belt, an ideal farm, a money maker for the owner. Price \$80 per acre.

5. 160 acres of land in good state of cultivation, mostly level, fencing good, 14 miles of Louisville, near Interurban. Price \$65 per acre.

6. 132 acres of land with all improvements, good orchard and plenty of water. Price \$50 per acre.

7. 132 acres of land, with 2-story dwelling, 8 rooms, 70 acres of bottom land, on Floyd's Fork. Price \$65 per acre.

8. 159 acres of land, on the Interurban and L. & N., good building lots, 9 room dwelling and all outbuildings, beautiful view from cars. Price \$125 per acre.

9. 200 acres of land, in good state of cultivation, 2-story frame dwelling and all outbuildings, 4 room tenement house, 27 acres of bottom land, good tobacco barn and tobacco land. Price \$45 per acre.

10. 226 acres of land with all improvements, blue grass, clover and timothy, some bottom land, fencing good, 3 tenant houses, some nice timber, land well located on Curreys Fork. Price \$50 per acre.

Farms in Shelby County.

11. 115 acres of land, well improved and in good state of cultivation, orchard, stock barn and tobacco barn, fine tobacco land, well located. Price \$115 per acre.

12. 102 acres of well improved land, near shipping point, stock and tobacco barns, plenty of water, good orchard, fencing good. Price \$80 per acre.

13. 278 acres of fine land, 200 acres of first class tobacco land, dwelling and all outbuilding in good repair, 3 tobacco barns, good orchard of well selected fruit. Price \$125 per acre.

14. 50 acres of well-located land and well improved, near shipping point, mostly in grass, plenty of water. Price \$6,000.

15. 218 acres of first-class land,

well improved and well located buildings and fencing in good repair, 3 big tobacco barns, all of it good tobacco land. Price \$125 per acre.

16. 80 acres of fine land, good for tobacco, big tobacco barns, fencing all good, nice young orchard, plenty of water. Price \$115 per acre.

Farms in Henry County.

17. 70 acres of land, well adapted to tobacco, dwelling and all outbuildings, store room 20x10, blacksmith shop, good stand for business and shop. Price \$3,500.

18. 80 acres of well improved land, on good road and on L. & N. railroad, dwelling 7 rooms and all outbuildings in first-class repair, 2 good barns, plenty of tobacco land. Price \$100 per acre.

19. 121 acres of well improved land, good dwelling and tenant house, feed barn and tobacco barn, land mostly in grass—clover, timothy, blue grass and alfalfa, 2 good orchards. Price \$4,250.

20. 108 acres of land, in high state of cultivation, well improved, good 2-story, 8-room dwelling, all outbuildings; 2 good barns, good orchards, beautiful shade trees in the yard, on good pike, right at the station. Price \$125 per acre.

21. 205 acres of land, well located and well improved, 2 orchards, new tobacco barn, on good pike, tenant house. Price \$70 per acre.

22. 75 acres, on good pike, 2-story, 8-room house and all outbuildings, mostly in grass, large forest trees in avenue, well located, a beautiful home. Price \$100 per acre.

23. 163 acres, just out of the city limits of Eminence, all buildings good and a beautiful home, most all in grass, land is level and very fertile. Price \$115 per acre.

24. 58 acres near Eminence, all buildings new, 2-story dwelling, water works in house; a modern home in every particular. Price \$7,000.

25. 142 acres of land, on good pike, near shipping points and land in high state of cultivation, fine tobacco land, new barn, fencing good. Price \$70 per acre.

The above are only just a few of the many farms we have on our list and we will be glad to show a buyer any of our farms. Let us know your wants, we are always glad to serve you.

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Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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SYNOPSIS.

Cyrus Heman Atkins wants to buy Cy Whittaker's place. Cy unexpectedly returns to his boyhood home. Every one in Bayport venerates and fears Atkins except Cy. Atkins opposes the selection of Miss Phoebe Dawes as teacher.

Cy champions Phoebe Dawes against Atkins, and she is elected teacher. Cy discharges Mrs. Beasley, Emily Richards Thomas, aged eight, arrives at Cy's place.

She is an orphan and has come to live with him, although he did not invite her to do so. Cy is furious, but he grows fond of her and keeps her. He nicknames her "Bos'n," and she learns to love him.

Miss Phoebe Dawes and Captain Cy save Emily from an ugly cow. The captain admires the teacher.

Captain Cy, to help Phoebe, decides to run as a candidate for membership on the school committee.

"We—we didn't know you had company, Whit," said Asaph. "We been up to Simmons', and Alpheus said you was thin and peaked and looked sick. Said you bought sass'prilla and all kind of truck. He was afraid you had fever and was out of your head, cruisin' round in the rain with no umbrella. The gang weren't talkin' of nothin' else, so me and Bailey thought we'd come right down."

"That's kind of you, I'm sure. Take your things off and set down. No: I'm sorry to disappoint Smalley and the rest, but I'm able to be up and—er—make my own bed, thank you. So Alpheus thought I looked thin, hey? Well, if I had to live on that soup he sold me I'd be thinner'n I am now. You tell him that canned hot water is all right if you like it, but it seems a shame to put mud in it. It only changes the color and don't help the taste."

Mr. Bangs, who was still staring at Emily, now ventured a remark.

"Is that a relation of yours, Cy?" he asked.

"That? Oh! Well, no, not exactly. And yet I don't know but she is. Fellers, this is Emmie Thomas. Can't you shake hands, Emmie?"

The child rose, laid down the magazine, which was opened at the colored picture of a group of ladies in crinoline and chignons, and, going across the room, extended a hand to Mr. Tidditt.

"Why—er—how d'ye do? I'm pretty smart, thank you. How's yourself?"

"I'm better now. I guess the sass'parilla was good for me."

"Twan't the sass'prilla," observed the captain with conviction. "Twas the 'Arabian balsam.' Ma always cured me with it, and there's nothin' finer."

"But what in time?" began Bailey. Captain Cy glanced at the child and then at the clock.

"Don't you think you'd better turn in now, Emmie?" he said hastily, cutting off the remainder of the Bangs query. "It's after 8, and when I was little I was abed afore that."

Emily obediently turned, gathered up the Lady's Books and replaced them in the closet. Then she went to the dining room and came back with a hand lamp.

"Good night," she said, addressing the visitors. Then, coming close to the captain, she put her face up for a kiss.

As Bailey told Asaph afterward, Captain Cy blushed until the ends of the red lapped over at the nape of his neck. However, he bent and kissed the rosy lips and then quickly brushed his own with his hand.

"Yes, yes," he stammered. "Well—er—good night. Pleasant dreams to you. See you in the mornin'."

The girl paused at the chamber door. "You won't have to unbutton my waist now," she said. "This is my other one, and it ain't that kind."

The door closed. The captain, without looking at his friends, led the way to the dining room.

"Come on out here," he whispered. "We can talk better here."

Naturally they wanted to know all about the girl, who she was and where she came from. Captain Cy told as much of the history of the affair as he thought necessary.

"Poor young one!" he concluded. "She landed on me in the rain, soppin' wet and ha't sick. I couldn't turn her out then—nobody could. Course it's an everlastin' outrage on me and the cheekiest thing I ever heard of. But what could I do? I was fixed a good deal like an English feller by the name of Gatenby that I used to know in South America. He woke up in the middle of the night and found a boa constrictor curled on the foot of his bed. Next day, when a crowd of us happened in, there was Gatenby, white as a sheet, startin' down at the snake and it sound asleep. 'I didn't invite him,' he says, 'but he looked so bloomin' com'f'able I didn't the heart to disturb him.' Same way with me. The child seemed so com'f'able here I ain't had the heart to disturb her—yet."

"But she said she was goin' to stay," put in Bailey. "You ain't goin' to keep her, are you?"

The captain's indignation was intense.

"Who! Me?" he snorted. "What do you think I am? I ain't runnin' an orphan asylum. No, sir! I'll keep the

young one a day or so or maybe a week, and then I'll pack her off to Betsy Howes. I ain't so soft as they think I am. I'll show 'em!"

Mr. Tidditt looked thoughtful. "She's a kind of cute little girl, ain't she?" he observed.

Captain Cy's frown vanished, and a smile took its place.

"That's so," he chuckled. "She is—now that's a fact. I don't know's I ever saw a cuter."

The girl stayed on at the Whittaker place and grew to be more and more a part of it. At the end of the second week Captain Cy began calling her "Bos'n."

"A bos'n's a mighty handy man aboard ship," he explained. "and you're so handy here that it fits in first rate. And, besides, it sounds so natural. My dad called me Bos'n when I was little."

Emily accepted the title complacently. She was quite contented to be called almost anything so long as she was permitted to stay with her new friend. Already the bos'n had taken charge of the deck and the rest of the ship's company. Captain Cy and Lonesome, the cat, obeyed her orders.

On the second Sunday morning after her arrival Bos'n suggested that she and Captain Cy go to church.

"Mother and I always went at home," she said. "And Auntie Oliver used to say meeting was a good thing for those that needed it."

"Think I need it, do you?" asked the captain, who in shirt sleeves and slippers had prepared for a quiet forenoon with his pipe and the Boston Transcript.

"I don't know, sir. I heard what you said when Lonesome ate up the steak, and I thought maybe you hadn't been for a long time. I guess churches are different in South America."

So they went to church and sat in the old Whittaker pew. The captain had been there once before, when he first returned to Bayport, but the sermon was more somnolent than edifying, and he hadn't repeated the experiment. The pair attracted much attention. Fragments of a conversation heard by Captain Cy as they emerged into the vestibule had momentous consequences.

"Kind of a pretty child, ain't she?" commented Mrs. Eben Salters, patting her false front into place under the eaves of her Sunday bonnet.

"Pretty enough in the face," sniffed Mrs. Tad Simpson, who was wearing her black silk for the first time since its third making over. "Pretty enough that way, I s'pose. But, my land, look at the way she's rigged—old dress, darned and patched up and all outgrown. If I had Cy Whittaker's money I'd be ashamed to have a relation of mine come to meetin' that way. Even if her folks was poorer'n Job's off ox I'd spend a little on my own account and trust to gettin' it back some time. I'd have some care for my own self respect. Look at Alicia Atkins. See how nice she looks. Them feathers on her hat must have cost somethin', I bet you. Howdy do, Licia, dear? When's your pa comin' home?"

The Honorable Heman had left town on a business trip to the south. Alicia was accompanied by the Atkins housekeeper and, as usual, was garbed regardless of expense.

Mrs. Salters smiled sweetly upon the Atkins heir and then added in a church whisper: "Don't she look sweet? I agree with you, Sarah; it is strange how Captain Whittaker lets his little niece go. And him rich!"

"Niece?" repeated Mrs. Simpson eagerly. "Who said 'twas his niece? I heard 'twas a child he'd adopted out of a home. There's all sorts of queer yarns about it—Oh, good mornin', Cap'n Cyrus! How do you do?"

The captain grunted an answer to the effect that he was bearing up pretty well, considering. There was a scowl on his face and he spoke little as, holding Emily by the hand, he led the way home. That evening he dropped in at the perfect boarding house and begged to know if Mrs. Bangs had any "fashion books" around that she didn't want.

"I mean—er—magazines with pictures of women's duds in 'em," he stammered in explanation. "Bos'n likes to look at 'em. She's great on fashion books, Bos'n is."

Keturah got together a half dozen numbers of the Home Dressmaker and other periodicals of a similar nature. The captain took them under his arm and departed, whispering to Mr. Tidditt as he passed the latter in the hall:

"Come up by and by, Ase. I want to talk to you. Bring Bailey along. If you can do it without startin' divorce proceedings."

Later, when the trio gathered in the Whittaker sitting room, Captain Cy produced the "fashion books" and spoke concerning them.

"You see," he said, "I—I've been thinkin' that Bos'n—Emily, that is—wasn't rigged exactly the way she ought to be. Have you fellers noticed it?"

His friends seemed surprised. Neither was ready with an immediate answer, so the captain went on.

"Course I don't mean she ain't got canvas enough to cover her spars," he explained, "but what she has got has seen considerable weather, and it seemed to me 'twas pretty nigh time to haul her into drydock and refit. That's why I borrowed these magazines of Keturah. I've been lookin' them over, and there seems to be plenty of riggin' for small craft. The only thing is I don't know what's the right cut for her build. Bailey, you're a married man. You ought to know somethin' about women's clothes. What do you think of this, now?"

He opened one of the magazines and pointed to the picture of a young girl, with a waspy waist and lilliputian

feet, who, arrayed in flounces and furberlows, was toddling gingerly down a flight of marble steps. She carried a parasol in one hand, and the other held the end of a chain to which a long haired dog was attached.

The town clerk and his companion inspected the young lady with deliberation and interest.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Captain Cy.

"I don't care much for them kind of dogs," observed Asaph thoughtfully.

"Good land! You don't s'pose they heave the dog in with the clothes for good measure, do you? Bailey, what's your opinion?"

Mr. Bangs looked wise.

"I should say," he said—"yes, sir, I should say that was a real stylish rig out. Only thing is that girl is consider'ble less fleshy than Emily. This one looks to me as if she was breakin' in two amidsips. Still, I s'pose likely the duds don't come ready made, so they could be let out some to fit. What's the price of a suit like that, Whit?"

"Afternoon gown for miss of sixteen," he read. "Humph! That settles that first crack. Bos'n ain't but half of sixteen."

"Anywa'y," put in Asaph, "you need somethin' she could wear forenoons if she wanted to. What's this one? She looks young enough."

The "one" referred to turned out to be a "coat for child of four." It was therefore scornfully rejected. One after another the different magazines were examined and the pictures discussed. At length a "costume for miss of eight years" was pronounced to be pretty nearly the thing.

"Godfrey scissors!" exclaimed the admiring Mr. Tidditt. "That's mighty swell, ain't it? What's the stuff goes into that, Cy?"

"Material, batiste, trimmed with embroidered batiste." What in time is batiste?"

"I don't know. Do you, Bailey?"

"No, never heard of it. Keturah never had nothin' like that, I'm sure. French, I shouldn't wonder. Well, Keturah's down on the French ever since she read about Napoleon leavin' his first wife to take up with another woman. Does it say any more?"

"Let's see. 'Makes a beautiful gown for evening or summer wear.' Summer! Why, by the big dipper, we're aground again! Bos'n don't want summer clothes. It's comin' on winter."

He threw the magazine on the floor, rubbed his forehead and then burst into a laugh.

"For goodness sake, don't tell anybody about this business, boys," he said. "I guess I must be havin' an early spring of second childhood. But when I heard those women at the meetin' house goin' on about how pretty Licia Atkins was got up and how mean and shabby Bos'n looked it made be bide. And, by the big dipper, I will show 'em somethin' afore I get through too! 'Ole dressin' listie girls is some of my usual course. Bailey, does Keturah make her own duds?"

"Why, no! Course she helps and stands by for orders, but Effie Taylor comes and takes the wheel while the riggin's goin' on. Effie's a dressmaker and—"

"There! See, Ase? It is some good to have a married man aboard, after all. A dressmaker's what we want. I'll hunt up Effie tomorrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND UPON a dressmaker the captain dived, with the result that Miss Taylor came to the Whittaker place each day during the following week, and Emily was, as the captain said, "rigged out fresh from main trunk to keelson." In this "rigging" Captain Cy and his two partners—Josiah Dimick had already christened the pair "the board of strategy"—took a marked interest. They were on hand when each new garment was tried on, and they approved or criticised as seemed to them best.

One Sunday Cyrus took the Bos'n for a long walk. On the horizon the sand hills of Wellmouth notched the blue sky. The girl drew a long breath.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Isn't this just lovely! I do like the sea an awful lot!"

"Say, Bos'n," he said a few minutes later. "I've been thinkin' about you. You've been to school, haven't you?"

"Course I have," was the rather indignant answer. "I went two years in Concord. Mamma used to help me nights too. I can read almost all the little words. Don't I help you read your paper most every night?"

"Sartin' you do! Yes, yes! Well, our school opens tomorrow, and I've been thinkin' that maybe you'd better go. There's a new teacher comin', and I hear she's pretty good."

"Don't you know? Why, Mr. Tidditt said you was the one that got her to come here!"

"Yes, Well, Asaph says most everythin' but his prayers. Still, he ain't fur off this time. I callate I was some responsible for her bein' voted in. Yet I don't really know anything about her. You see, I— Well, never mind. What do you think? Want to go?"

Bos'n looked troubled.

"I'd like to," she said. "Course I want to learn how to read the big words too. But I like to stay at home with you more."

"You do, hey? Sho, sho! Well, I guess I can get along between times. Georgiana's there to keep me straight, and she'll see to the dust and the dishes."

The child thought for a moment.

"I think you're awful good," she said. "I like you next to mamma, even better than Auntie Oliver."

Bos'n wandered off in search of late goldenrod. The captain smoked and

meditated. By and by the puffs were less frequent, and the cigar went out. It fell from his fingers. With his back against a pine tree Captain Cy dozed peacefully.

He awoke with a jump. Something had awakened him, but he did not know what. He blinked and gazed about him. Then he heard a faint scream.

"Uncle! Uncle!" screamed Bos'n. "O-o-o-h! Uncle Cyrus, help me! Come quick!"

The next moment the captain was plunging through the scrub of huckleberry and bayberry bushes, bumping into pines and smashing the branches aside as he ran in the direction of the call.

Back of the pine grove was a big in closed pasture nearly a quarter of a mile long. Its rear boundary was the iron fence of the cemetery. The other three sides were marked by rail fences and a stone wall. As the captain floundered from the grove and vaulted the rail fence he swore aloud.

"By the big dipper," he groaned, "it's that cussed heifer! I forgot her. Keep dodgin', Bos'n, girl! I'm comin'."

The pasture was tenanted by a red and white cow belonging to Sylvanus Cahoon. Whether or not the animal had during her calfhood days been injured by a woman is not known. Possibly her behavior was due merely to innate depravity. At any rate, she cherished a mortal hatred toward human beings of her own sex. With men and boys she was meek enough, but no person wearing skirts and alone might venture in that field without being chased by that cow. What would happen if the pursued one was caught could only be surmised, for so far no female had permitted herself to be caught. Few would come even so near as the other side of the pasture walls.

Bos'n had forgotten the cow. She had gone from one goldenrod clump to another until she had traversed nearly

the length of the field. Then the vicious creature had appeared from behind a knoll in the pasture and, head down and bellowing wickedly, had rushed upon her. When the captain reached the faroff fence the little girl was dodging from one dwarf pine to the next with the cow in pursuit. The pines were few, and Bos'n was nearly at the end of her defenses.

"Help!" she screamed. "Oh, uncle, where are you? What shall I do?"

Captain Cy roared in answer. "Keep it up!" he yelled. "I'm a-comin'! Sho, you everlastin' critter! I'll break your back for you!"

The cow didn't understand English. It seemed, even such vigorous English as the captain was using. Emily dodged to the last pine. The animal was close upon her. Her rescuer was still far away.

And then the cemetery gate opened and another person entered the pasture—a small person, a woman. She said nothing, but, picking up her skirts, ran straight toward the cow, heedless of the latter's reputation and vicious appearance. One hand clutched the gathered skirts; in the other she held a book.

"Don't be scared, dear," she called reassuringly, then to the cow: "Stop it! Go away, you wicked thing!"

The animal heard the voice and turned. Seeing that the newcomer was only a woman, she lowered her head and pawed the ground.

"Run for the gate, little girl!" commanded the rescuer. "Run quick!" Bos'n obeyed. She made a desperate dash from her pine across the open space and in another moment was safe inside the cemetery fence.

"Seat! Go home!" ordered the lady, advancing toward the cow and shaking the book at her as if the volume was some sort of deadly weapon. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Go away! You needn't growl at me! I'm not a bit afraid of you!"

The "growing" was the muttered bellow with which the cow was wont to terrorize her feminine victims. But this victim refused to be terrorized. Instead of screaming and running, she continued to advance, brandishing the book and repeating her orders that the creature "go home" at once. The cow did not know what to make of it. Before she could decide whether to charge or retreat a good sized stick descended upon her back with a "whack" that settled the question. Captain Cy had reached the scene of battle.

Then the rescuer's courage seemed to desert her, for she ran back to the cemetery even faster than she had run from it. When the indignant captain, having pursued and chastised the cow until the stick was but a splintered remnant, reached the haven behind the iron fence he found her sobbing and hysterical.

(Continued next week.)

NOT A BAD MATCH

By DON LA GRANGE.

One day the good Deacon Pennybone, of the village of Delhi, found it necessary to drive over to the village of Wharton, six miles away. He was hitching up his horse and buggy when Mrs. Hannah Savage came to the house to say:

"Deacon, they say you are going to drive over to Wharton today?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"Got a load?"

"Only a jug to be filled with tile."

"You know my sister Sarah lives over there?"

"Yes, guess she do, though I hain't much of a hand to keep track of folks' sisters."

"Well, Sarah's got a baby a year old, and she writes me that it can't walk yet. Somethin' seems to be the matter with his knees or back."

"It sure orter be walkin' at a year old. They say I wasn't quite ten months old when I could trot right out doors. Do you want to send any word to Sarah?"

"I want to drive over and back with you."

"All right. You be ready in fifteen minutes. Guess the old mare can take us both and not get tuckered out."

Deacon Pennybone was a widower. Hannah Savage was a widow.

They had both lived in Delhi for years, and both belonged to the same church, but gossip had never even hinted a marriage between them. It had never hinted that either one of them would marry again.

The drive to Wharton was made. The deacon went to get his jug filled with oil, and the widow to see her sister and the baby. The baby was walking all right. The next day its walkless condition it had got choked on a spool of thread and been shook and dangled head downwards with vigorous hand! Ten minutes later it was taking its first steps.

The drive out and back was pleasant. The widower and widow talked about the new spire for the meeting house that was going to be erected—the death of Silas White's cow—the plentitude of potato-bugs—the success of the late Sunday school picnic and even the best way of killing off burdocks so they would stay killed, but not a word nor a hint of anything closer. They were just neighbors. If the subject of the heathen of Africa had been brought up they might have discussed it for miles to the exclusion of all else.

The deacon's sister was his housekeeper. She was a sour-faced old maid with a sharp tongue, and when her brother got back home she felt it her duty to say something. She therefore remarked:

"I suppose the match was at least half-made today?"

"What match?" asked the deacon.

"She's been trying to catch a man for the last five years."

"Ruth, who you talkin' about?"

"Why, the widow Savage."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She'd like to change her name to Pennybone!"

"Say, now," replied the deacon as he fired up, "you quit talkin' that way! She hain't the slightest idea of it. If she has I hain't."

"All widows want to marry again," said the sister.

"Then let 'em marry, but none of 'em will marry me!"

When the widow Savage got home Mrs. Goodhue, a neighbor, dropped in to ask about the baby over at Wharton that couldn't walk. She was given full information, and then she remarked:

"Lots of folks thought it funny."

"What was?"

"Your riding over there with Deacon Pennybone."

"But I don't see anything funny about that."

"Well, you hadn't been gone half an hour when the story was around that you and the deacon had gone away to get married."

"Upon my soul! The deacon and me get married! Why, he don't want me, and I don't want him. If the fool-killer would come along he'd find plenty to do in this town!"

"Then—then—"

"Then nothing!"

What a curious thing is human nature! Here were two people who were neighbors and friends—nothing more. They hadn't thought of each other once a week, unless happening to meet. But now, because a sour-tempered old maid and a gossip neighbor made a few remarks they began thinking of each other.

"By gosh!" said the deacon to himself as he sat down to milk the cow that evening, "the wider Savage wouldn't be such a bad match if a feller wanted to marry agin. She's purty good lookin' when she's got her Sunday duds on, and she can talk like a streak and talk sense too. I've heard she was a savin' woman, and had money in the bank."

And as the widow Savage cleared away her supper dishes she smiled and mused:

"So they thought the deacon and me were going to elope and get married! Um! Guess he'd be the last man I'd think of, though I will say for him that he's good-tempered and upright. He pays his debts and never says anything mean of anybody. If I wanted to get married again, which I don't and the deacon wanted to get married again, which he don't—why—"

It is highly probable that the deacon did some more thinking, as in

more information. Then she had crept away like a stricken creature, trying to realize the horror of the situation. Brill had been arrested—"caught with the goods!" Like a lightning flash came the recollection of her words to him that morning: "You can beg, borrow, or steal the money—I must have it!" It was her own fault. She had driven Brill into crime, and the law had claimed him.

Up and down the spaces of her lonely apartment Rose gaced, wringing her hands in impotent misery. At times she told herself it could not be true; then the sickening certainty gripped her. Brill had not appeared, the dinner hour had passed; no word had been sent to her. At last, in a nervous panic, she put on her hat and hurried down town. She must know the worst.

As she stumbled up the steps of Brownell Mack company's office she saw that there were lights burning within, and men moving about. An official stopped her at the gate. She had never been there before and she was unknown.

"Is Mr. Silbert here—yet?" she asked faintly. Then, scarcely knowing what she was doing, she pushed her way into the office. A man's face peered at her from behind a little wicket gate, and a voice called her name.

"Rose! What are you doing here? Her husband was walking toward her; and, with a low cry, Rose flung herself into his arms and clung to him, shaking convulsively.

"Brill! Brill, what have you done? I heard—oh, they shan't take you away! It's all my fault."

"Rose, Rose, be quiet. I'm all right. I telephoned to the drug store. Didn't you get my message?"

His tone more than his words calmed her. She awayed back, and regarded him with beseeching eyes.

"Isn't it true, Brill?" she whispered, aware now of the presence of others. "Wasn't it you? I didn't get any word; but I heard—I thought—wasn't somebody arrested? The cashier?"

"Yes. But—why, you poor girl! Don't you know I'm only the assistant cashier here? Oh, Rose!"

SOMETHING For the LITTLE ONES

BIRD'S NEST CHANGED ROAD

Thousands of Men, Horses and Wagons Turned Aside to Avoid Doing Harm to Songster's Home.

Some years ago, Gen. David S. Stanley of the United States army was leading a force across the plains. He was laying out the route for a great railroad. There were 2,000 men, 2,500 horses and mules and a train of 250 wagons heavily laden.

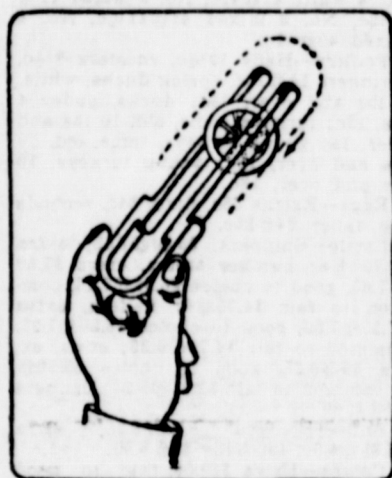
One day the general was riding at the head of the broad column, when suddenly his voice rang out, "Halt!" A bird's nest lay on the ground directly in front of him. In another moment the horses would have trampled on the nestlings. The mother bird was flying about and chirping in the greatest anxiety. But the brave general had not brought out his army to destroy a bird's nest.

He halted for a moment, looked at the little birds in the nest below, and gave the order, "Left oblique!" Men, horses, mules and wagons turned aside, and spared the home of helpless bird. Months, and even years after, those who crossed the plains saw a great bend in the trail. It was the bend made to avoid crushing the bird's nest.—Young People's Paper.

LITTLE TOY IS EDUCATIONAL

Wheel Rolls Round Ends of Magnet, but Does Not Fall Off—Puzzling to the Uninitiated.

A toy that is both amusing and of educational value has been patented by an Ohio man. A horseshoe magnet with unusually long poles has the ends of these poles rounded. A single wheel, with a round steel bar running



An Educational Toy.

through it for an axle, rests upon this axle on the poles of the magnet, which form an endless track for it. The wheel, of course, is made light enough that the attraction of the magnet keeps it from falling off, yet the wheel can roll about easily on what is practically an endless track. To a child this toy brings home more forcibly than any lecture by his school teacher the power and principle of magnetism, and he will delight in "fooling" his friends with it. The uninitiated will naturally expect the wheel to roll off the ends of the horseshoe and will be amazed to see it merely roll down the ends and back on the under side.

Occasion for Pride.

Dorothy, Della and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town, were discoursing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the last year.

"My little brother Tom's got a love! Never mug that grandfather just as him," said Dorothy. "It's a beauty, and he had a silver knife and fork from grandma, too."

"My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan," said Della. "It's the prettiest rattle that I ever saw."

"My little brother Willie's not as big as your brothers," said Daisy, with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in the whole neighborhood, so there!"—Lippincott's.

His Reason.

Once when Phillips Brooks was recovering from a rather severe illness he ordered that no one whatsoever be admitted to see him. One fine day Robert G. Ingersoll called and the bishop requested that he be admitted and brought to the sickroom at once.

"I certainly appreciate this," said the mystified Ingersoll, when he had shaken hands with the reverend gentleman, "but why see me when you deny yourself to your friends?"

"It is this way," responded the bishop. "I feel confident of seeing my friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance of seeing you!"

The Mystery Revealed.

Little Ethel—I know why it isn't safe to count your chickens before they're hatched.

Mother—Why, dear?

Little Ethel—Coz sum of 'em might be ducks.—Ohio State Journal.

A Vacuum Abhorred.

What is that which a young girl looks for, but does not wish to find? A hole in her stocking.

SWINGING A PENDULUM

Articles Needed for Trick Are Easily Picked Up.

With Little Practice Anyone Can Become Skilled Medium—It Is Only Necessary to Move the Table That Is in Use Slightly.

To swing a pendulum, picked out from a number of them at random, without touching it is a very puzzling trick. The articles necessary are a medium-sized table and a number of pendulums, some of which are suspended from a rod with their lower weighted ends inside of water and wine glasses placed on the table, and others attached to corks so that they will hang inside of bottles.

The spectators gather around the table, which can be in full light, writes James A. Hart of Philadelphia



Any One Pendulum Can Be Made to Swing at Will by Moving the Table Slightly.

In the Popular Mechanics. The performer sits at one side of the table with his hands flat on the top. A person may pick out any pendulum and ask him to swing it, which he will proceed to do without touching it, also making it strike the glass while it swings. Another pendulum may be pointed out and he will start that one apparently by looking at it, while the other one stops.

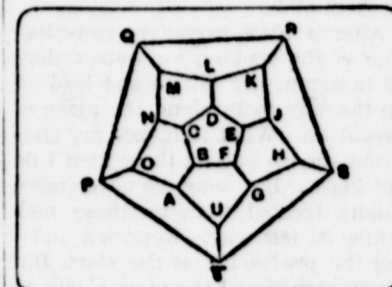
This may seem to be impossible, yet it is very easy. It will be seen that no two pendulums have the same length. A pendulum makes a certain number of swings in a given time, depending on its length. A long pendulum requires more time to complete its swing and will, therefore, make a less number of swings than a short one in the same time. It is only necessary to move the table slightly and watch the pendulum picked out until it begins to swing independently of the others, which soon happens. To make the longer pendulums swing, longer movements of the table top must be made. With a little practice anyone can become a skilled medium in pendulum swinging.

WORLD PUZZLE IS AMUSING

Trick Is to Start From Any Angle or Town on Diagram and Visit Every Other Village Once.

Can you, starting from any angle or town on this diagram, find a route which will take you to every other town once, and once only?

The route must bring you back to the town from which you set out. To a child this toy brings home more forcibly than any lecture by his school teacher the power and principle of magnetism, and he will delight in "fooling" his friends with it. The uninitiated will naturally expect the wheel to roll off the ends of the horseshoe and will be amazed to see it merely roll down the ends and back on the under side.



Around the World Puzzle.

turn to our starting point we may take either of these two courses: F B A U T P O N C D E J K L M Q R S H G F.

or F B A U T S R K L M Q P O N C D E J H G F.

The arrangement is cyclical, and the route can be begun at any point by transferring the proper number of letters from one end to the other.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

Aunt Alma—So you took your first dancing lesson today. Was it difficult? Louise—No. All I had to do was keep turning round and wiping my feet.

Tommy—Papa, a river is fed by small streams, isn't it?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Tommy—Then I s'pose that is what makes its mouth water.

Arthur—Mamma, I hurt my finger. Please tie a rag on it.

Mamma (after an examination)—It isn't injured enough to need tying up, dear.

Arthur—Well, tie a rag on it, anyway, so I won't forget which finger it is that hurts.—Chicago News.

Danger Not Imminent.

"Better go home, Jimmy. Your mother is looking for you."

"Has she got the hair brush with her?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll play awhile longer."

Fully Equipped.

"Chew your food, Doris, before you swallow it; your stomach hasn't teeth to chew with."

"Mine has. I swallowed two last summer."—Life.

Letters to Texas The Fortunes of Two Kentucky Boys

Letter No. 4.
Sandy Branch, Aug. 24, 1908.

My Dear Son Jackson:—

At last you have written again. And I must say that it is such a letter as I never expected to get from you. It makes me glad and sorry at the same time. You say you want to sell out your farm in Texas and come back with your wife and child and get the education that you might have had and missed four years ago.

Well, Jackson, I did expect you might get sick of Texas, and come trailing back as so many have done, and I believed you would sometime regret all your wildness and folly as a boy, but I did not think it would come so soon. I am glad to have you say you propose to be a man now and take proper care of Jennie and the kid. That sounds like the boy you were before you went to that city Business School, and it gives your father real joy.

But about giving up your Texas farm and coming back to go to school and get an education now, I must tell you, Jackson, it is too late. You buried your education when you ran off and got married. You are in for it now and must go on thru life with what little education you have and what more you can pick up. You cannot be a boy again, much as you desire it.

You say that if you only had a little more education you could earn double money with surveying parties, or as superintendent of workmen, or as business manager, or even right on your farm, and it is perfectly true. You say you can never be satisfied not to know more than you now do, and not to test your brain and find out the stuff that is really in you. All that touches my heart and is as sad as a funeral. It is a funeral, however, and we cannot bring the dead to life.

I went down to Berea the other day to see about our children's going for we have made up our minds to let Lucy go with her brother, in fact, we could not stop her. As I was saying I went to Berea (my an-

kle is about well and this may be the last letter you will get for some time) and then I heard about some poor fellows who had tried to get an education after they were married. All I say is, I shan't help any son of mine try such a thing. You have lost your chance, Jackson. Skin ahead as well as you can, and try to bring up your children so they will take an education, when they are young and free.

But I tell you, Jack, Berea looked good to me. It is really a whole city of schools. I told John he would die there, like the mule between two bundles of hay, not knowing what to choose. There were enough students hanging around in vacation to make a first class school; and they were the kind of young people I want John and Lucy to know.

And one thing more I have found out, John is a heap smarter than you or I were. It seems most all the boys and girls that amount to anything in our end of the county are aiming to be in Berea, September 16. Well, John didn't think I knew anything about it, but he is not taking any chances, he's going to get the girl he wants, and she's going to be an educated girl too, because he's seen to it that the very girl he picked out a year ago, she's in the bunch that's going September 16th. John is deep, he is! And his ma and I, we are just as much tickled as if we were going ourselves. I tell them that I have been to College myself, as a father ought to, ahead of my children. And I said to your mother, "Susie," says I, "you've got to go and see what I saw, and you'll have no regrets at letting them go." And your mother up and says, "Who said I had any regrets?" The fact is, Jackson, we've give you over to the tender mercies of the Lord and of Texas, but what we failed to do for you we are doing for the rest. John and Lucy are as good as in College now, and the other seven are all saying Berea, and they are on the way.

Your loving father,
Palestine Gabbard.

THE DAYS' NEW YEAR PARTY

His Coming of Age Marked by a Dinner to Which All of the Festivals Are Invited.

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark, but he must give a dinner on the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Fast should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentleman home at night.

All the days came. Covers were provided for 365 guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve little merry, whirling footpads that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few other movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

"Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but 'Hail, fellow Day! well met!' only Lady Day seemed a bit scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epiphenous. The rest came in green, some in white, but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and the Sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Day was there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrove-tide, Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous billet-doux under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their

cloaks and greatcoats and took their leaves. Short Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. The Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in condition little better than he should be, e'en whipped him over his shoulders pick-a-back fashion, and he went floating home singing:

"On the Bat's Back Do I Fly," and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

GOOD AS NEW.



"My good man, I hope you've made some good resolutions."

"No, ma'am, not this year. You see I've got a bunch of 'em I made last year and never used."

DIDN'T OBSERVE NEW YEAR'S

Puritans Regarded the Celebration as a Heathenish and Un-Christian Rite.

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the new world, named New England, was most prosaic, most brief: "We went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration or even notice of the day in any way savored of improper and un-Christian reverence for the heathen god, Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's eve and New Year's day were second in importance and domestic observance only to Christmas. Throughout every English county New Year's eve was always celebrated; in many it was called by the pretty name of Singing Eve, from the custom which obtained of singing the last of the Christmas carols at that time.

SIX DOORS FOR ASPIRING YOUNG PEOPLE

1st Door—Berea's Vocational Schools

Training that adds to your money-earning power, combined with general education.

FOR YOUNG MEN—Agriculture, Carpentry, Printing, Commercial.

FOR YOUNG LADIES—Home Science, Dressmaking, Cooking, Nursing, Stenography and typewriting.

2nd Door—Berea's Foundation School

General Education for those not far advanced, combined with some vocational training. No matter what your present advancement, we can put you with others like yourself and give chance for most rapid progress.

3rd Door—Berea's General Academy Course

For those who are not expecting to teach and who are not going thru College, but desire more general education. This is just the thing for those preparing for medical studies or other professions without a college course. It also gives the best general education for those who wish a good start in study and expect to carry it on by themselves.

4th Door—Berea's Normal School

This gives the very best training for those who expect to teach. Courses are so arranged that young people can teach through the summer and fall and attend school through the winter and spring, thus earning money to keep right on in their course of study. Read Dinsmore's great book, "How to Teach a District School."

5th Door—Berea's Preparatory Academy Course

This is the straight road to College—best training in Mathematics, Sciences, Languages, History and all preparatory subjects. The Academy is now Berea's largest department.

6th Door—Berea College

This is the crown of the whole Institution, and provides standard courses in all advanced subjects.

Questions Answered

BEREA, FRIEND OF WORKING STUDENTS. Berea College with its affiliated schools, is not a money-making institution. It requires certain fees, but it expends many thousands of dollars each year for the benefit of its students, giving highest advantages at lowest cost, and arranging as far as possible for students to earn and save in every way.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and many assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training and getting pay according to the value of their labor. *Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn a part of their expenses. Write to the Secretary before coming to secure employment.*

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes are necessary. THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week, in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter. For furnished room, with fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 to 60 cents for each person.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "DOLLAR DEPOSIT," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "INCIDENTAL FEE" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital, library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term; in Academy and Normal \$6.00 and \$7.00 in Collegiate course.

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

	FALL TERM	ACADEMY AND NORMAL	COLLEGE
Incidental Fee.....	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	5.60	7.00	7.00
Board 7 weeks	9.45	9.45	9.45
Amount due Sept. 10, 1913.....	\$20.05	\$22.45	\$23.45
Board 7 weeks, due Oct. 29, 1913	9.45	9.45	9.45
Total for term.....	\$29.50	\$31.90	\$32.90
If paid in advance.....	\$29.00	\$31.40	\$32.40
	WINTER TERM		
Incidental Fee	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 7.00
Room	6.00	7.20	7.20
Board 6 weeks	9.00	9.00	9.00
Amount due Dec. 31, 1913	\$20.00	\$22.20	\$23.20
Board 6 weeks due Feb. 11, 1914	9.00	9.00	9.00
Total for term	\$29.00	\$31.20	\$32.20
If paid in advance.....	\$28.50	\$30.70	\$31.70

*This does not include the dollar deposit nor money for books or laundry.

Special Expenses—Business.

	Fall	Winter	Spring	Total
Stenography and Typewriting	\$14.00	\$12.00	\$10.00	\$36.00
Bookkeeping (regular course)	14.00	12.00	10.00	36.00
Bookkeeping (brief course)	7.00	6.00	5.00	18.00
Business course studies for students in other departments:				
Stenography	10.50	9.00	7.50	27.00
Typewriting, with one hour's use of instrument	7.00	6.00	5.00	18.00
Com. Law, Com. Geog., Com. Arith., or Penmanship, each....	2.10	1.80	1.50	5.40

In no case will special Business Fees exceed \$15.00 per term.

Any able-bodied young man or young woman can get an education at Berea if there is the will to do so.

It is a great advantage to continue during winter and spring and have a full year of continuous study. Many young people waste time in the public schools going over and over the same things, when they might be improving much faster by coming to Berea and starting in on new studies with some of the best young men and women from other counties and states.

Applicants must bring or send a testimonial showing that they are above 15 years old, in good health, and of good character. This may be signed by some former Berea student or some reliable teacher or neighbor. The use of tobacco is strictly forbidden.

Winter Term opens Dec. 31st. Get Ready!

For information or friendly advice write to the Secretary.

D. WALTER MORTON, Berea, Ky.

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

JACKSON COUNTY

Nathanton.

Nathanton, Dec. 20.—M. H. Hornsby, merchant of this place and of Maulden is moving his stock of goods from here to Maulden.—Rev. J. G. Holcomb is opening up a three foot coal bank on his farm.—Some of the young folks from this neighborhood attended the singing at Sextons Creek Saturday and Sunday.—Lucy Moore of Maulden who spent last week with her brother, Wm. Moore, of this place returned Monday.—Serilda Hurst, Laura Caudill and Della Wells visited at Egypt Saturday and Sunday.—Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Holcomb will spend Christmas with relatives in Clay County.—Uncle Thomas Caudill has had a new porch built and is having his dwelling newly painted.—The public school at this place closed yesterday.

Maulden.

Maulden, Dec. 19.—Ralph and Will Farmer and Venson Anderson who have been away for some time have come home on a visit, bringing their friend, Mr. Lunsford, with them.—Johnnie Morris and family who have been in Hamilton, O. for some time have come back to see Mr. Morris' brother and wife who have been sick for some time.—Riley and Merida Simpson who moved to Heidelberg to work a while have returned.—John Short and I. S. McGeorge made a business trip to Estill County the past week.

Annvile.

Annvile, Dec. 22.—Rev. D. S. Smith has moved to Annville and is having a new store house built, which will soon be completed.—John Sexton has moved to his place near here.—Mrs. Mollie Webb who has had a successful school term closed her school Friday with an entertainment.—Mrs. Clarinda Johnston, another one of our progressive teachers who taught the Olin school, has also finished her school.—Mr. and Mrs. David Hillard and Mrs. Polie Fox were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred York Sunday.—We are very sad to note the death of Rev. George Johnston. We extend sympathy to the bereaved relatives and many friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Hacker and Rev. Smith at the Annville Baptist church on Tuesday at 4 p.m.—Chas. Ramsey of Gray Hawk was here today on business.—Miss Pollie Castee returned home from Gray Hawk today and reported that Miss Lydia Tineher, who lately went to the hospital is improving rapidly.—Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Isaacs visited Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Cope Sunday.—The Annville Institute school has dismissed two weeks for the Christmas holidays and the girls who stay at the Dormitory have gone home to spend Christmas.

Isaacs.

Isaacs, Dec. 20.—R. E. Taylor has purchased some ties from Geo. Langdon.—Tom Brewer is working for R. E. Taylor.—Sam Taylor and Richard Brewer returned home recently from Perry County, where they have been hauling staves.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Riley are the proud parents of a fine girl. Her name is Sarah Jane.—The little infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Price died yesterday. We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Price.—Our school at Pigeon Roost closed yesterday with a nice entertainment which everybody seemed to enjoy. Best of all was a flag drill by twelve small girls.—George Riley had a wood cutting Saturday and got a large supply of wood cut.—G. A. Settle who returned from Hamilton, O. recently, has his new dwelling house almost completed.—Geo. Pennington has purchased a good pair of mules.—J. L. Davis sold a good pair of mule colts for \$155.

Carico.

Carico, Dec. 20.—The meeting at Flat Top was put off until the 2nd Sunday in January.—A. J. Baker and Grant Tineher are contesting the election for the magistrate's office.—Our school is very near its close. We wish it could go on all winter as Mr. Robert Johnson is such a good teacher.—Willie Roberts was visiting G. W. Smith last Saturday and Sunday.—Corn is scarce here and is selling at a dollar per bushel.—Bert Baker is all smiles over the arrival of a fine boy at his home.—The son of Isaac Sumers is in poor health at this writing.—Mr. Abel Gabbard from Berea was through here calling on the merchants, selling oils recently.—We are having some fine weather.—S. R. Roberts has sold 775 cross ties to Jas. Davidson and Sumers last week.—A Merry Christmas to The Citizen and its many readers.

OWSLEY COUNTY

Sulphur Spring

Sulphur Spring, Dec. 20.—Rev. Harvey Johnson preached at the M. E. Church here Sunday.—Mrs. Amanda Moore, aged seventy years, died suddenly at her home, Saturday, Dec. 13th. The writer would point to him who said "Come unto me all you that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." She had been a faithful member of the M. E. Church of this place for many years.—Court has been in session at Booneville for some time, the Grand Jury breaking all past records by making the greatest number of indictments.—Miss Frankie Rose and Mr. Harrison Mays were married some time ago. They will make their home at Quicksand.—Several persons have taken the smallpox, among them are Wilgus Smyth and Tom Payne of this place, Boss Brandenburg and Willie Moore were scarred enough to stand a severe case of them.—Carter Bowman announces that he will sell his farm, which is located 1 1-2 miles north of Booneville, Ky., containing 200 acres with good dwelling and barn, orchards, fine pastures and other conveniences.—Chester Stewart, who has been low with pneumonia, is reported better and there are chances and sincere hopes of his recovery.—The school here is busily engaged in preparing for an entertainment.—Our readers are enthusiastic over "Cy Whittaker's Place."

ESTILL COUNTY.

Locust Branch.

Locust Branch, Dec. 20.—We are having some fine weather for the time of year.—Our school at Locust Branch closed Dec. 19th.—Mrs. Bulah Bicknell, Miss Hazel Bicknell and Hattie Johnson went to Richmond shopping last Saturday.—Ellis Baker and family of this place moved to Irvine last week.—Erby Bicknell moved on H. G. Bicknell's place.—H. G. Bicknell has bought a stock of goods and is going into the goods business again.—Several of the boys and girls of this place are planning to go to Berea to school this winter.—Jim Baker who has been gone to Ohio for sometime returned home last Saturday.—Mrs. Mollie Bicknell gave the little folks a candy party last Wednesday night.—The Rev. James Lunsford will preach at the Beaver Pond church the fourth Saturday and Sunday in this month.—The school closed at Knob Lick, Dec. 19th with a Christmas tree.—Mandy Carpenter of Jinks underwent an operation this week and is reported some better.—Flemo French moved to Jinks last week.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

Gauley

Gauley, Dec. 20.—Rev. H. L. Ponder is erecting a new dwelling on the farm he purchased from his father near the Union Church.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Robertson, a girl.—J. S. Rains is building a chimney for H. L. Ponder.—The meeting closed at Cave Ridge church with 29 converts. Twenty-three were baptized.—Claburn Allen is building himself a new house on Naith Bond's place.—Spencer Mullins' child died recently of pneumonia and was buried in the Red Hill graveyard.—Homer, little son of T. F. Bullock, cut his foot badly the other day.—Hiram Sams moved from Trace Branch to Piney Branch, where he has bought a farm of his brother, S. F. Sams.—J. O. Hinson sold a cow and calf for the sum of \$65.—There is considerable sickness in this vicinity at the present time.

WORLD NEWS

(Continued from Page One.)

year, while tobacco would contribute almost as heavily to the national armament.

Texas Flood Damages.

Twenty counties in Texas recently swept by a flood suffered a loss of two hundred lives and ten millions of dollars.

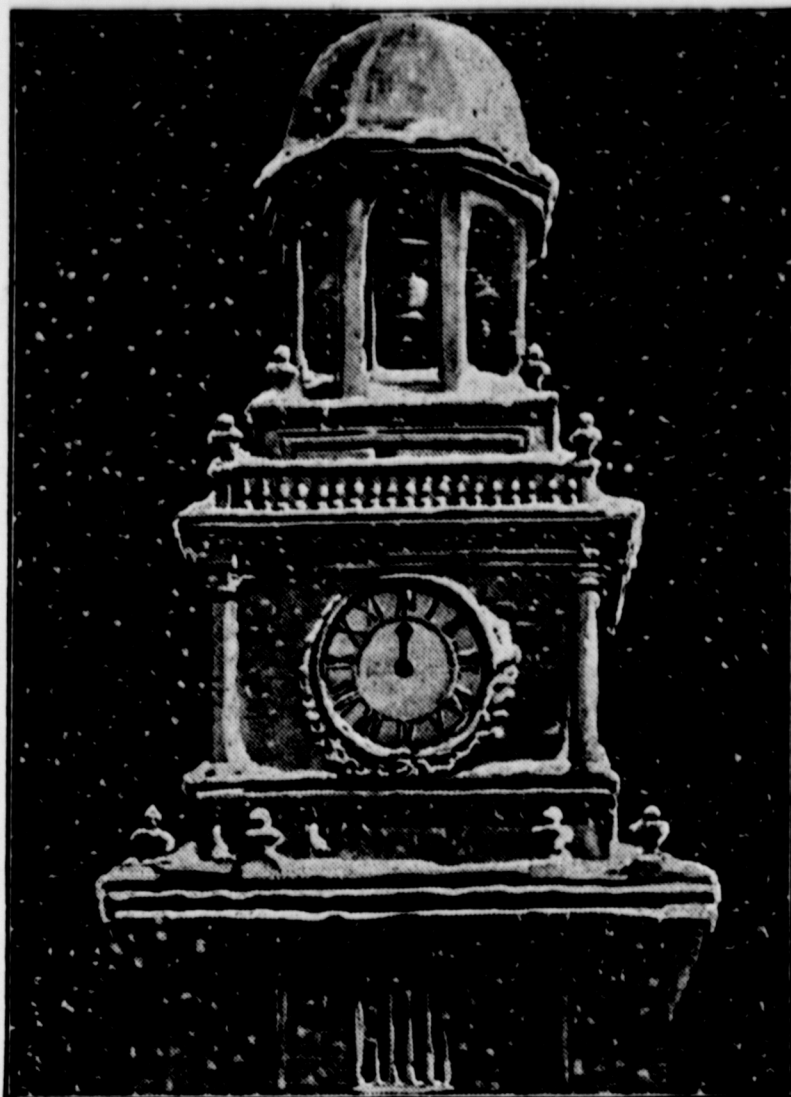
Judge Lindsay Marries.

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsay, founder of the juvenile court at Denver, and Miss Henrietta Brevoort, of Detroit, Mich., were married in Chicago, Dec. 20th. Judge Lindsay was a lecturer in Berea last year.

U. S. and Holland Sign Peace Treaty. Secretary Bryan and Chevalier Van Ruppard, Netherlands' Minister, signed a treaty providing that any question between the United States and the Netherlands which cannot be settled by diplomacy, shall be submitted for investigation to an international commission.

This is the first treaty between the United States and a European nation based upon Secretary Bryan's peace plan.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!



Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

A GOOD WORD FOR LAUREL COUNTY.

(Continued from Page Five.)

Vera Cruz.—The attack on Tampico has failed and the rebel forces have been forced to withdraw some distance from the city. The bombardment by federal gunboats and field artillery routed the rebels, who left a number of their dead behind. In possession of the railroad yards throughout the battle, the rebels, when they were driven off, remained sufficiently cool in the face of the furious fire to take away with them every locomotive and most of the rolling stock. That the rebel loss was very great is emphasized by the fact that the buzzards which inhabit the Mexican coast, and which for generations have been protected by law, floated over the battlefields in numbers so great as to present the appearance of low-lying black clouds.

According to the federal report 800 rebels were killed before they could get out of range, and this would mean many other hundreds wounded left behind. It is regarded as probable that the relief of Tampico is only temporary, and that before many days the rebels will resume the attack in greater numbers, although the three days' battle has materially cut down their supply of ammunition. This may delay operations for a time.

BROOKLYN GANGSTER SHOT.

New York.—James Stevens, 35 years old, a Brooklyn gangster, was shot and killed by Francis Walsh, a policeman, when the latter attempted to stop a gang fight in Nostrand avenue. Several men attacked Walsh and the officer fell to the pavement. The gangsters then opened fire on him, but Walsh arose and the gangsters fled, shooting as they ran. Walsh commanded them to stop and was answered with more shots. He then drew his revolver and fired at the retreating figures. Stevens was the only one known to have been hit.

should trust the good citizens in that neighborhood to protect us from imported law breakers. Then I announced the program for next day and dismissed the meeting.

Sunday morning Kendrick, Buckles and I started out afoot on our way to the school house meeting (Bro. Jones had staid at Mobley's). When we came down to a road intersecting one that led around to Mobley's house we saw a troop of horsemen coming down the road toward us. Kendrick was sure it was the mob coming for us. I thought it was a crowd of men going to the meeting where we were going. I was skeptical about its being a mob coming for us until I saw Uncle Jones bobbing up and down on a horse behind one of the troopers. (He had no horse) One of the men, a lawyer, had a buggy. He had driven on and left his partner, another lawyer, Mark Harden, the Marshal of the day, debating with Brother Mobley. The whole crowd halted when they came to us. The man in the buggy seemed to be a companion of the marshal. At any rate he was the spokesman of that company. He inquired if Candee was there. I told him I was Candee. The preacher? "Yes sir, one of them." Then I introduced him to Bro. Kendrick. He then invited us to get into the buggy with him. We did so. I in the seat and Kendrick in my lap. We were headed for Pitman's Hotel, 5 or 6 miles toward London, but waited for Harden, who came tearing across the field, to reach us. The buggy man kindly let us stay in

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the buggy and left his pard out to foot it. We had gone but a little way when a shower of rain drove us under a large cattle shed which was near by. Here we waited for a committee which had been sent for Kendrick's and my horses and Jones' satchel of books and here Kendrick and I underwent a thorough examination. Kendrick went through the examination first. He was so scared that he hesitated and faltered. This vexed the jury and evidently embarrassed the case. I was not scared, but was a little too optimistic. They treated us worse than I feared. I thought they were going to take us so far away from the place of my appointment that I could not hold a meeting and then let us go. Kendrick had been in the State only a few weeks and had not learned that admiration of courage was one of the strongest characteristics of the Kentucky people.

When they got thru with him there was a call for Candee and also a protest was made by Mark Harden. "No, we do not need to hear him. I heard him explain his position under oath." Mark was in court at McKee as an attorney when Ben Rice grilled me on the witness stand, in the case referred to by J. W. VanWinkle in the Sept. 18th number of The Citizen. All the same the call for Candee prevailed. "Stand and tell us all about it." I stood up and preached abolition straight for half an hour to that much interested crowd. I was finally stopped by the arrival of the committee with our horses and colporter Jones' satchel of books and tracts. It was very interesting to see those fellows go for the contents of that old satchel. "This New Testament, is it an abolition testament?" "Yes says Jones; it is the best abolition book of them all."

After a little executive consultation of the leaders, we were ordered to mount our horses and lead off on the way to Pitmans, the place of execution. What influence my abolition speech had on those men I do not know. But we were never more kindly treated than by those men while on the way. Kendrick and I led the procession at the start. But every member of the mob, singly or in small groups rode by our side and chatted agreeably with us. They all treated us very respectfully. When we drew near the hotel we were saluted by a man, a Bluegrass man by the name of Love, from an upper window of the hotel, with the unlovely scream, "Hang 'em, hang 'em, hang 'em high as Haman. Why do they not come to the Bluegrass and preach their incendiaryism! Judging from his emblem, a pair of scissors which he pulled out of his vest pocket to use on Bro. Kendrick later on in the program, he was a

CINCINNATI MARKETS

Corn—Old corn is quoted as follows: No. 2 white 77¢@77½¢, No. 2 yellow 76½¢@77¢, No. 2 mixed 74½¢@75¢. New corn is quoted as follows: No. 3 white 67¢@68¢, No. 4 white 65¢@66¢, No. 3 yellow 66½¢@67½¢, No. 4 yellow 63¢@64¢, No. 3 mixed 66½¢@67½¢, No. 4 mixed 63¢@64½¢, yellow ear 66¢@68¢, mixed ear 63¢@66¢, white ear 63¢@65¢.

Hay—No. 1 timothy \$19, standard timothy \$18, No. 2 timothy \$17, No. 3 timothy \$15, No. 1 clover mixed \$15.75@16, No. 2 clover mixed \$13.75@14, No. 1 clover \$14@14.50, No. 2 clover \$12@12.50.

Oats—No. 2 white 44½¢@45¢, standard 44¢@44½¢, No. 3 white 43½¢@44¢, No. 4 white 41¢@43¢, No. 2 mixed 41½¢@42¢, No. 3 mixed 41¢@41½¢, No. 4 mixed 40¢@41¢.

Poultry—Hens 12½¢, roosters 9½¢, springers 14¢@15¢, spring ducks, white, 4 lbs and over, 14¢; ducks, under 4 lbs, 12¢; turkeys, toms, old, 10 lbs and over, 18¢; young turkeys, toms, old, 10 lbs and over, 18¢; young turkeys, 10 lbs and over, 18¢.

Eggs—Extras 38¢, firsts 34¢, seconds 29¢, fancy 24¢@25¢.

Cattle—Shippers \$6.50@7.65, extra \$7.75 @8; butcher steers, extra \$7.50 @7.65, good to choice \$6.50@7.25, common to fair \$4.75@6; heifers, extra \$7.25@7.50, good to choice \$6.50@7.25, common to fair \$4.75@6.25; cows, extra \$6@6.25, good to choice \$5.50@6, common to fair \$3.25@5.25; canners \$3@4.

Bulls—Bologna 5.75@6.25, extra \$6.35@6.50, fat bulls \$6@6.50.

Calves—Extra \$10.50, fair to good \$8@10.25, common and large \$5@10.

Hogs—Selected heavy \$7.70, good to choice packers and butchers \$7.65@7.70, mixed packers \$7.60@7.65, stags \$4@6.75, common to choice heavy fat sows \$4.25@7.25, light sows \$7.50@7.70, pigs (110 lbs and less) \$6@7.50. Sheep—Extra \$4.25, good to choice \$3.85@4.15, common to fair \$2.50@3.75. Lambs—Extra \$7.50, good to choice \$6.75@7.40, common to fair \$5.50@6.65.

CANNIBALS DEVOUR 16 PERSONS.

Brisbane, Australia.—Cannibals in Neumeckienburg, an island in the Bismarck archipelago, captured and massacred Dr. Deiniger and another German scientist, together with 14 natives who accompanied them. The camp of the scientists was attacked and the 16 men captured. All were marched to the village occupied by the cannibals, and were murdered one by one. Before the slaughter the prisoners were tortured, and fires were built under huge pots, allowing the prisoners to see what was in store for them.

dry goods clerk or merchant from the Bluegrass. He was Pitman's brother-in-law, come up to Sabbath with him.

Bobby Jones, having no horse was mounted behind one of the other riders, at first, but was soon dropped off on parole before we reached Pitman's. The mob riders were ahead of us when we got there. They all dismounted and the leader ordered us to dismount and go into the barroom and receive our sentence.

(To be continued.)

"Your Sins Will Find You Out."

Five years ago a trustee of a church seven miles from Berea asked me what I would take to cover the meeting house with galvanized steel. I told him. He said he could beat it by \$11.00. The other fellow got the job.

Monday that same trustee called me up and asked what it would cost to pull off that roof the other fellow put on five years ago, and put it on the way I aimed to put it on. Plastering is ruining—Carpet spoiling—Roof has to come off.

My friend saved \$11.00 five years ago but those \$11.00 will cost him \$111.00 before he gets a roof like I would have put on five years ago.

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Read Letter to Texas and Come to School on Time!